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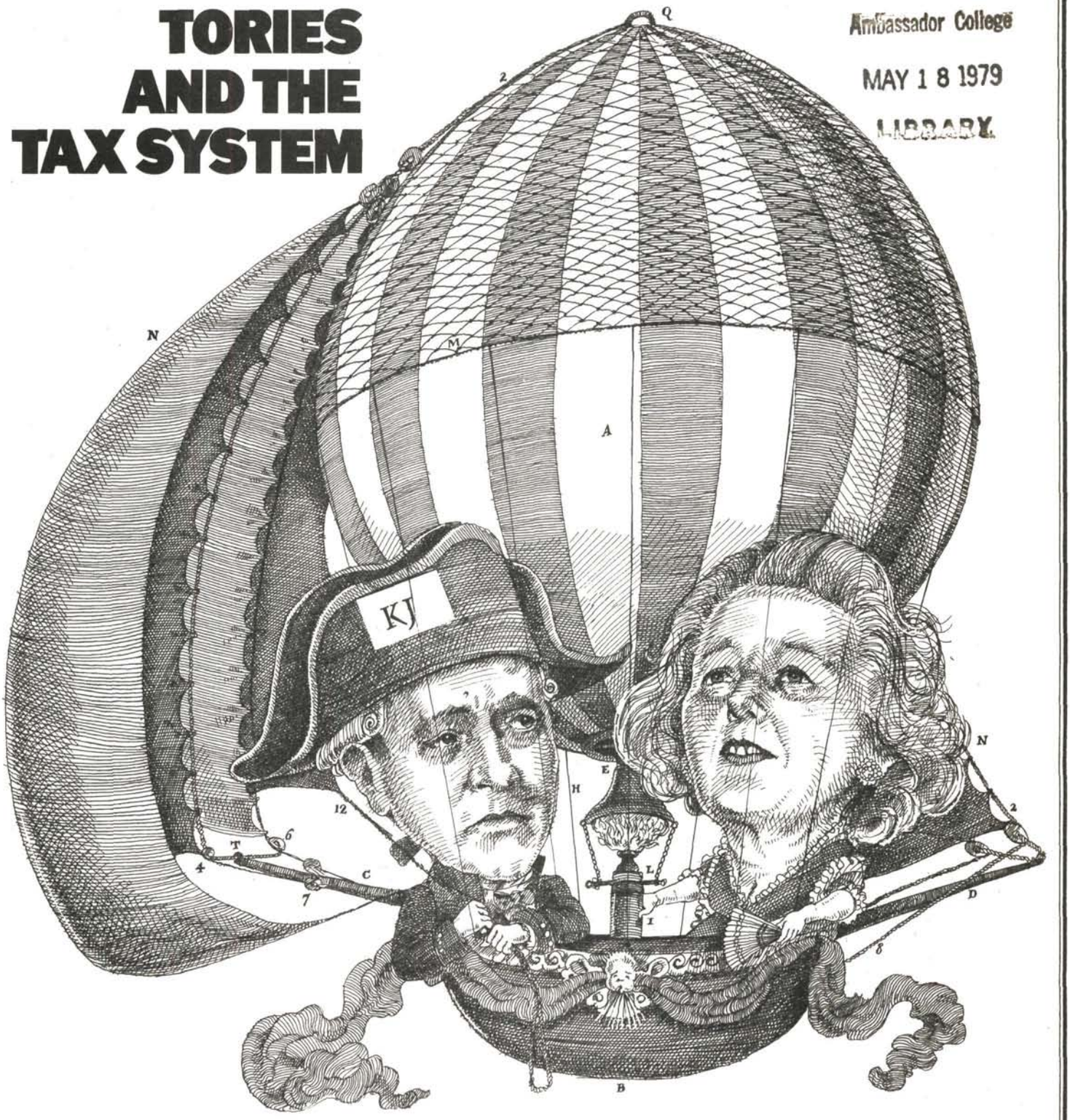
TORIES AND THE TAX SYSTEM



–the implausible in command of the unsteerable

John Holder

Paul Foot: Fleet Street's war

Tory 'thinkers' analysed

Inside Phnom Penh

Clive James: Amis as poet

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French socialists steer clear of social democracy

Joseph Fitchett writes from Paris: The French Socialist Party's congress in Metz was characterised by the worst doctrinal split since it revived in 1971 as a major political party, becoming today the largest party in France. The 1,200 delegates watched with a mixture of admiration and dismay as Francois Mitterrand, the party's First Secretary, steamrollered the challenge to his leadership from his former allies Michel Picard and the pro-European mayor of Lille, Pierre Mauroy. He accepted the support of the pro-Communist *Ceres* faction, stopping short of a formal alliance because of their embarrassing stand on Europe. Rocard, who is trying to change the course of French socialism, remains in internal opposition, free to criticise Mitterrand, who has control of the party's operations.

Many of the delegates were incensed by the feuding leadership which, they consider, tarnishes the image of the party, making it appear incapable of managing its own affairs, let alone those of the country. For this reason power eludes the Socialists despite their irresistible rise in the opinion polls.

The issues dividing the Socialists stem from the party's permanent, decisive problem: how to deal with the French Communist Party? The single idea of Francois Mitterrand, which has made him the architect of France's new socialism, is the 'historic compromise' between French Communists and Socialists. This alliance shattered last year when the Communists, frightened at the prospect of entering government as the Socialists' junior partner, suddenly sabotaged the 'common programme', and allowed Giscard d'Estaing's forces a victory.

Mitterrand and Rocard drew opposite conclusions about the defeat. For Mitterrand, the leftist alliance is the only path to power: although the Communist Party constantly tries to undermine their Socialist rivals' growth, Mitterrand remains persuaded that the Socialists' good behaviour eventually will produce a groundswell of rank-and-file Communist support to override the party leadership's objections. His tactic is to placate the Communists. Rocard argues that France has outgrown the Communist Party. The days are over when cell-members were sanctioned for reading any newspaper other than *L' Humanité*. The opposition electorate is less and less a proletariat, more and more a majority of individuals who are fed up with France's inequalities and lack of purpose. He wants the Socialists to invade the factories and unions and raid the CP for membership and for prestige.

The two men's personalities and backgrounds fit their doctrinal conflict. Mitterrand, 63, fits the French parliamentary tradition: a lawyer with a literary bent and a taste for history, a centrist cabinet minister who then gradually drifted into the Socialist Party. Rocard, 46, is a brilliant technocrat, a socialist militant since his student days. His grasp of economics prompted General de Gaulle to make him a key overseer of the nation's plan and spending in the early 1960s. Profoundly affected by the Algerian war, Rocard spun off a small party, the PSU, which was the only parliamentary party to take part actively in May 1968. He has assimilated some lessons in the need to give more power to the shopfloor and local communities.

Rocard calls Mitterrand 'archaic': Mitterrand's supporters accuse Rocard of assassinating the reputation of French socialism's saviour. In the Metz congress, inflammatory rhetoric supplanted discussion on these issues and on such problems as France's roughshod industrial transformation in steel and other sectors, its deteriorating system of state education, the growing Right-wing monopoly on French media, and the Government's role as gendarme of Africa. Rocard complained that Mitterrand's support in the party came from its 'senior citizens' who had never understood that the Popular Front failed because of its lack of economic expertise. Mitterrand accused Rocard of trying to take the party to the Right.

The doctrinal rivalry came down to five issues. Mitterrand clings to a planned economy while Rocard argues for a mixed market economy with state intervention to control key sectors (nationalised industries in France generally outperform the private sector). Mitterrand wants to accommodate the Communists; Rocard wants to confront them and dilute the Socialists' Marxist rhetoric. Mitterrand is hesitant about a broad European involvement but Rocard wants to tackle the multinationals in the context of the international division of labour. Mitterrand stresses the need for a 'rupture with capitalism' while Rocard argues for a pragmatic approach to economic change in the light of world economic problems. Mitterrand wants a strongly centralised control of the party while Rocard wants more tolerance of rival views and diverse personalities – especially the new blood which he injected when he brought his small PSU party into the mainstream in 1974.

Mitterrand's decision to anchor the party firmly on the Communists' flank will weaken the Socialists' chances of working closely with other EEC Socialist parties. West Germany's SPD was careful to send only low-level observers (the Labour Party didn't bother to send anyone at all), and the outcome will be unwelcome to Schmidt, whose electorate dislikes the French Communists for their anti-German views.

Women's position worsens

Frank Field writes: Despite the flurry of anti-discrimination measures in recent years, not only do men still have many advantages over women, but in some important respects they are actually improving their relative position. A survey of the relative earnings of male and female workers since 1970 (*Equal Pay: A Further Critical Review*, Ruskin College Oxford), prepared by the Trade Union Research Unit (TURU) shows that in April 1970 average women's earnings stood at 54.5 per cent of men's; in 1974, one year prior to the full implementation of equal pay, they were still only 56.4 per cent of average male earnings; by 1975 they had risen to 61.5 per cent. But since then progress has been slow, and more recently women workers' average earnings have actually fallen as a percentage of their male counterparts – down from 64.9 per cent in April 1977 to 63.7 per cent a year later. This decline is also registered even if overtime earnings (which tend to boost male wage packets) are excluded.

Within this setback for female workers TURU highlights the more favourable performance of one group of women. The only group of manual women workers who improved their relative pay between April 1977 and 1978 were those manual occupations outside manufacturing industry – which, says TUTU, 'suggests that the campaign of the public service unions to raise the pay of their low paid workers has had some effect.'

TURU suggests a number of actions to counter the trend against women workers. They want changes in the Equal Pay Act's line on job evaluation which rates traditional 'male skills' more highly than 'female' ones; they want more encouragement for more women to use the Act. They suggest that trade unions put more effort into recruiting women members, who should be encouraged to play an active role in the unions.

The progress that has already been made on this front can be seen from a new Equal Opportunities Commission publication (*Research Bulletin No. 1*, EOC, £1.50). In the years since 1966 the bulk of the 2 million increase in trade unionists has come from women workers: male membership rose by 10 per cent, female by 58 per cent. But the fact that women recruits form the hard core of trade union expansion has still to be reflected in the trade union hierarchy.

Civil servants back juggernauts

Mick Hamer writes: Department of Transport civil servants seem to be fighting back successfully in their attempt to increase the size limit for juggernauts from 32 tons to 40 tons. A new inquiry into the matter will coincide with the arrival of a new, and therefore probably more viable, minister of transport.

Ever since 1970 when a public outcry against juggernauts thwarted an attempt to increase the weight limit, the issue has been politically sensitive. Last year, following an article in *The Times*, transport minister William Rodgers suggested a committee of inquiry on lorry weights. The civil servants – who with the lorry operators and the EEC have been pushing for an increase on the maximum permitted weight – suggested an inquiry with a restricted scope. As the under-secretary in charge of the Freight Directorate, Joe Peeler crudely put it in a minute to Rodgers, which was subsequently leaked:

> The more the scope of the inquiry is extended . . . the greater the danger that the main issue will be lost sight of.

And the main issue?

> The establishment in the public mind of a clear and overwhelming case on balance for heavier lorries is seen as the main end of the inquiry.

He continued,

> It should provide a focus for the various road haulage interests to produce a really good case which should not merely establish the main point at issue but should do good to their now sadly tarnished public image.

Now, almost unnoticed, Rodgers has announced a wide-ranging inquiry into the growth in road freight and the impact which lorries have on the environment. He is also asking the inquiry to look at the best form of future development to 'serve the public interest'. One of the first jobs of the new transport minister – even if Labour win Rodgers is unlikely to have the job – will be the appointment of this committee and he will rely heavily on civil service advice for the names. In addition, the secretariat of the committee will be appointed by Peeler's department. (The influence of the secretariat is often underestimated: they make substantial contributions to the committee's drafts and dissenting minorities have to write their reports without the help of the secretariat.) When the committee has reported, Peeler's department will advise the minister on which recommendations should be implemented. In a recent after-dinner speech Peeler reaffirmed his view that the public must be educated into accepting heavier lorries.

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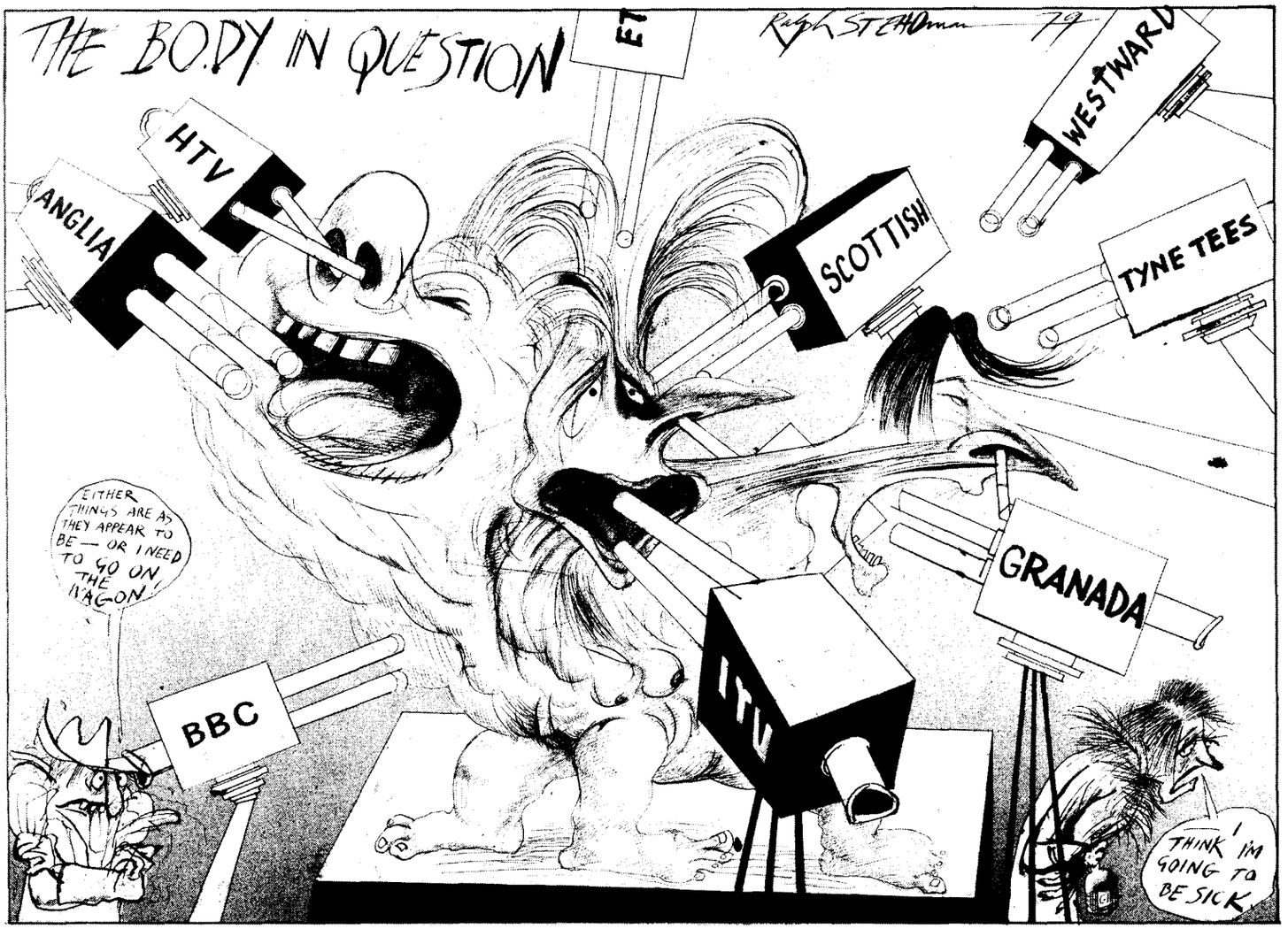

Tory tactics

Judy Dempsey writes: Since the Tories won control of London's Wandsworth council they have achieved a certain notoriety for their cuts in social services and their policy of council house sales. But the actions with the most serious implications for local government may be the recent demotion of Barry Akid, chief executive of the council since June 1977, and the reorganisation of the executive committee which runs the council. Akid was told by the council he was 'not competent to carry out the duties demanded of a chief executive.'

The Tories provided no evidence to support these allegations and certainly Labour had no cause to be dissatisfied with his performance. Akid was hard-working, conscientious and 'straight'. But his lack of political acumen prevented him from exploiting politicians and his administrative colleagues in order to secure his position. During his term of office he built up no political machine. But in 1977 he had been assured by the (then) Tory opposition that his appointment would not be limited to the life of one council.

Akid's demotion is symptomatic of a trend developing in Tory councils. In Wandsworth the Tories are eating away at the four important sections of local government – social services, planning, recreation and housing – which reflect Labour interests. In the Greater London Council the Tories changed the structure of executive responsibility when they took over in May 1977: social services planning, housing and recreation lost their representation on the council's executive committee, which now reflects Tory priorities by being composed of the director-general, the controller of finance and the director of manpower.

Similar treatment is being extended to Wandsworth, and possibly Kingston. In Wandsworth Tory leader Dennis Mallam hopes to construct an executive consisting of a chief executive (Akid's replacement), a deputy chief executive, a director of finance and a director of administration. The four other areas would be relegated to non-executive positions. In doing this the Tories are reversing the practice of previous councils – Tory included – under which the minority party received representation on the executive committee. The effect of such a move – in line with the Tories' businessman approach to local government – is to move power away from the elected council and concentrate it in a Tory monopolised executive.

The old reactionary guard

Christopher Hitchens writes: Margaret Thatcher is slightly infatuated with the fashionable 'New Right' (see p. 512). But this does not prevent her from resurrecting the benighted reactionary old guard as well. To the astonishment of all, she has just appointed Lord Boyd of Merton as her envoy to observe this month's 'elections' in Rhodesia. The title conceals the name of Alan Lennox-Boyd, Colonial Secretary in two Conservative cabinets between 1954 and 1959. He it was who persisted in upholding the doomed 'Central African Federation' of Malawi, Zambia and Rhodesia. He it was who imprisoned Dr Hastings Banda without trial, claiming that he was plotting to kill all the whites in Malawi, and then refused to accept the findings of the Devlin Commission, which were that no such plot existed. He it was who shared responsibility for covering up the massacre of political detainees at Hola camp in Kenya – a massacre which moved even Enoch Powell to protest. He it was who deported Archbishop Makarios from Cyprus – again without a trial – and tried to suppress Cypriot nationalism by force, until compelled to compromise. He it was who formed part of Eden's inner circle during the Suez aggression of 1956.

It is difficult to think of any British politician with less credibility in Central Africa than Lennox-Boyd. The only hope for Thatcher is that people have forgotten him (he was born in 1904) and that they have never heard of Lord Colville of Culross, Lord Elton, Sir Charles Johnston and the other right-wing nonentities who are supposed to represent the Conservative Party on this crucial trip. Tory foreign policy could hardly be seen to greater advantage.

Screws' rights

Anna Coote writes: Prison officers who fear they may be overtaken by an urge to assault prisoners in their care can now sleep more easily. The eight officers who were last week found guilty of savagely attacking inmates involved in the Hull prison riot have been given suspended sentences. The case provides a vivid illustration of the inequality of justice in the prison system.

The prisoners were alleged to have caused a riot and to have inflicted £750,000 worth of damage to property. They were 'tried' and found guilty by the Board of Visitors. They were not legally represented, nor were they allowed to call witnesses. Some lost up to two years' remission as a result of evidence brought against them by the officers who were later convicted of assaulting them. They had no right of appeal, although after a considerable legal battle the High Court ruled that, in principle, it had power to review decisions taken by prison Boards of Visitors. (It has yet to review any of the individual cases.)

The prison officers were alleged to have beaten, kicked, abused and humiliated the prisoners in a manner already well documented in the press. Initially, the Board of Visitors at Hull found that the prisoners had no cause of complaint against them; and a Home Office inquiry found them not guilty of maltreating the men. They were only brought to court as a result of a relentless campaign by the prisoners' union PROP, and a remarkable persistence on the part of the investigating police officers. When arrested and charged, they were allowed full legal representation and trial by judge and jury. They were found guilty and allowed to go free.

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Election '79

Toryism and the tax myth

'We are going to make only one main promise in the election — to cut the rate of income tax at all levels. It's paramount in the strategy.'

MARGARET THATCHER, 5 April 1979

SUCCESS FOR THE TORIES now depends largely on persuading sufficient voters to share the delusion that Britain is over-taxed – and that significant tax cuts, therefore, are practicable. Failure to do so would attack the central credibility of a party whose chieftain has already given the impression that she is nervous of debate.

The surreal character of Tory propaganda on the issue is conveyed by a report (*Observer*) that the Shadow Chancellor is expected to say during the campaign that he will reduce income tax 'to Common Market levels.' A glance at Table 1 (below) shows that on any proper reading, that would commit Sir Geoffrey Howe to increasing British taxation. To be sure, Sir Geoffrey probably intends nothing more, in reality, than a cut in the 83 per cent top rate on earned income – to which few are liable in theory, and scarcely anyone pays in practice. But to spell that out might make the Tory programme look a trifle esoteric.

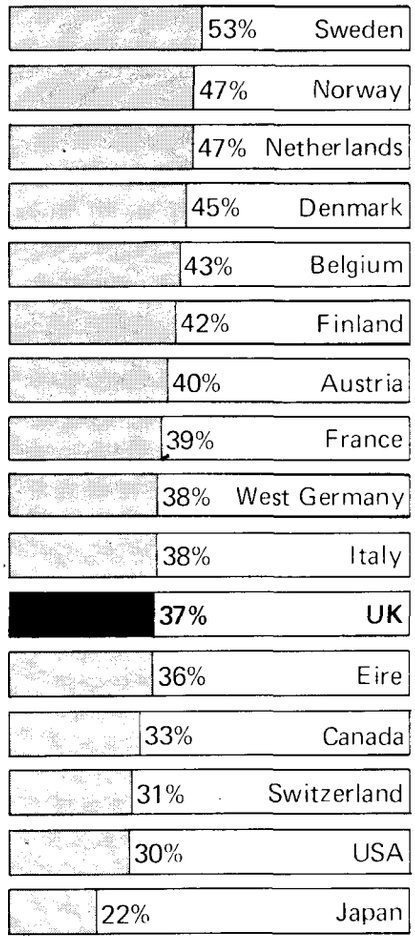
There is no doubt that the British tax system has achieved a state of highly complex disrepair – indeed, the sections which are meant to deal with corporate wealth are very close to collapse. On the following pages we present an account of the system's real (as against imaginary) defects. But the facts against which every political claim must be considered can be set out with diagramatic brevity. Not only does Britain fall well below the top in any list which compares the tax 'take' to overall economic activity (Table 1): it is also clear that among those countries which out-tax us are several of those whose economies regularly out-perform our own.

The politically-explosive qualities of the British system arise because it now leans very heavily on personal taxation, and because in doing so it imposes rather high rates on modest incomes. Until last year, a taxpayer who earned just enough to start paying tax found his marginal rate – the tax on each new £ of earnings – was as much as 40 per cent with national insurance payments included. Even with the reductions made in the 1978 Budget, the starting rate is still more than 30 per cent. Opposite (Diagram 2) is a comparison of the British rate structure with those of other countries: in our case, the highest marginal rates are imposed on taxpayers at the top and bottom of the income range. Because the system is extremely rich in avoidance-mechanisms for those who can afford to turn income into capital, the sufferings of the highly-paid are actually quite mild. The average income tax bill of those earning over £20,000 amounts to less than 60 per cent.* Nor, despite much Fleet Street propaganda, is the middle-manager of twice-average income suffering particular oppression. Real penalties afflict people when they have average or just-below-average incomes – exactly those groups, in fact, where the opinion-polls find so much present disenchantment with Labour.

Rates of this kind cannot be avoided when the Exchequer is allowed to rely massively on levies applied to individuals (such as income-tax and employees' national-insurance contributions). As Diagram 3 shows, matters can be ordered otherwise, and elsewhere they usually are: Britain is rather a curiosity for taking so slim a proportion of its revenue from the corporate sector. The question for Mrs Thatcher, when she declares her intention to set the people free, is will she, in order to do so, be ready to chain-up the corporations in the manner found necessary by the hot-eyed socialists of Germany and Japan?

1. Are we over-taxed?

Latest OECD estimates (provisional) for tax and social security as a percentage of G.D.P, 1977.



Labour's question is more a matter of self-examination. Why is the party going into an election saddled with responsibility for tax-structures which might be designed to cause revolt among its own supporters, and which seem to provide, through every wage-packet, evidence favouring the fantasies of the Opposition? The problem is that Labour's leaders have not displayed any ambition to resist the decay of the British tax-system – which, by ad hoc change added to ad-hoc change, has become so ramshackle that it cannot respond to the directions of social policy. (The process which Mervyn King analyses in the following article is well-represented by the image of an aimlessly-drifting balloon.) Between 1968 and 1978, the proportion of tax raised from personal incomes rose from 36 per cent to 42 per cent – and Labour was conspicuously in charge for most of that time. Some of that shift came from a decline in consumption taxes, but there were also significant declines due to the intellectual collapse of corporation-tax, and the failure of taxes on capital: the figures for estate-duty and capital-transfer tax (CTT) show a decline from £1,055 million ten years ago to some £370 million today. Clearly, it would be hard for Labour to campaign on the true statement that Britain's requirement is not a lighter tax burden – but a reform of the tax system to make that burden fall more appropriately.

The Tory position, however, is formally *against* any structural reform. According to Sir Geoffrey Howe:

> . . . taxpayers and their advisers, as well as Parliament itself, stand in desperate need of a prolonged pause from the process of change for the sake of change. (27 October 1976)

The reference to 'advisers' provides a clue to Sir Geoffrey's priorities: the whole passage makes clear that the Tories have nothing more in mind than another round of rate-juggling. What they have to explain is how they propose to make significant changes in personal tax-levels, without reforming the system or making large cuts in services.

Total tax revenue for 1978-9 is estimated at £42 billion, of which £24 billion comes from the Inland Revenue: nearly all is income tax, with £4 billion corporation tax and a few scraps of surtax, capital gains tax and CTT. Public spending for the same period is reckoned at £65 billion, with the borrowing requirement (which the Tories are anyway pledged to reduce) standing close to the IMF limit. Where can cuts be made? More than a third of the spending is in transfer payments, and £7.5 billion of it is pensions. Will unemployment benefits *really* be cut? Public-sector wages and salaries are about £18-19 billion, but of these some £13 billion are in law-and-order and defence (which the Tories say they will increase), together with Ulster spending (which they cannot cut) and nursing and teaching (which they have not acknowledged any desire to cut). The remaining £5 billion includes administrative workers in the health service, social security and education, together with dustbin men, water-workers, road-workers and government bureaucrats. The bureaucracy, national and local, accounts for roughly £3 billion of this. Assuming that its numbers could be halved (it includes people handing-out unemployment pay) the saving would amount to less than eight per cent off income tax, or 2½p in the £. That gives some idea of the order of magnitudes Mrs Thatcher has to deal with to obtain real tax cuts.

* *Economic Trends*, February 1979, Table 88.

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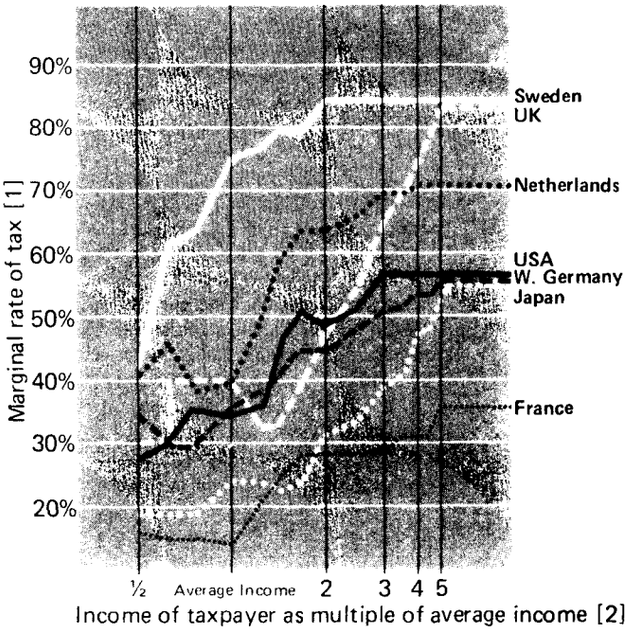
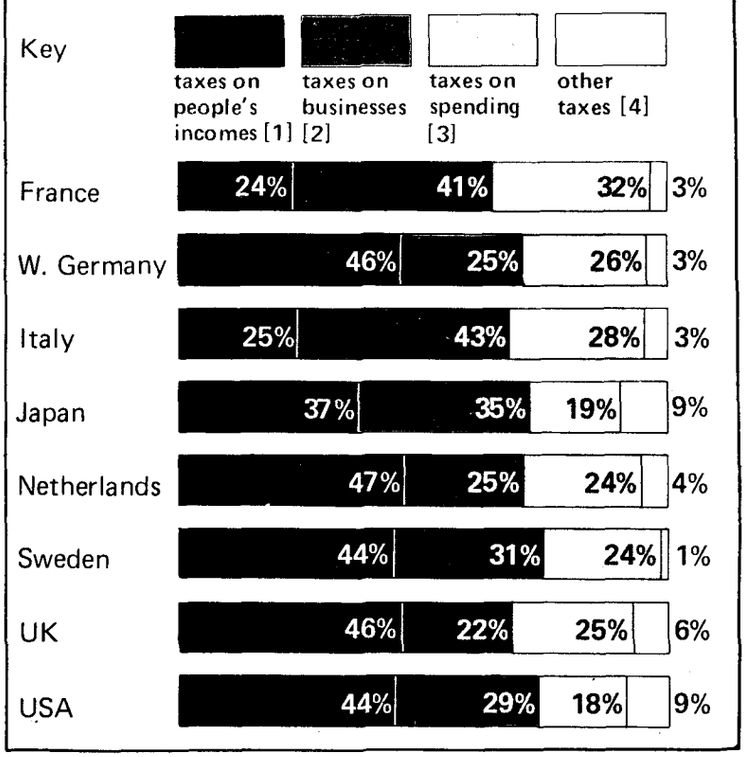
2. Personal rates



1. Sole-earner husband, with wife & 2 children (under 11, 11-16). Tax: income tax (national + average or typical local), + employee's nat. ins. payments. Marginal rate is taxed fraction of 10% rise. 2. Average income = GDP/working population. Acknowledgements: **Money Which?**

3. The corporate getaway


Key
taxes on people's incomes [1]
taxes on businesses [2]
taxes on spending [3]
other taxes [4]
France 24% 41% 32% 3%
W. Germany 46% 25% 26% 3%
Italy 25% 43% 28% 3%
Japan 37% 35% 19% 9%
Netherlands 47% 25% 24% 4%
Sweden 44% 31% 24% 1%
UK 46% 22% 25% 6%
USA 44% 29% 18% 9%

Reality: a charter for avoidance

MERVYN KING* shows that the real problem is that the system is too dilapidated to deal with a modern economy. Labour has been complaisant, but the Tories resist reform.

'IN THIS WORLD NOTHING can be said to be certain, except death and taxes.' It is hard to reconcile Benjamin Franklin's words with the experience of taxation in post-war Britain. Tax rates switch with bewildering frequency, and rarely do more than a few months go by without some kind of tinkering being done upon the system itself. Margaret Thatcher is basing her campaign upon the firm promise – one of the few she has made – that the immediate effect of her victory would be another – downward – shift in the rate of income tax. Indeed, Tory policy for the past few years has concentrated unflinchingly upon disseminating the myth that Britain is a heavily-overtaxed country. But at the same time the Tories have set themselves against any energetic attack on the real evils of our tax system: which are its astonishing complexity and incoherence, its lack of efficacy when dealing with company revenues, and its bias in favour of established, hereditary wealth. Not that it can be said that Labour has made, or credibly promised, any of the reforms that are urgently required. Whichever party policy is examined, uncertainty – even arbitrariness – seems likely to be the future of taxation in Britain.

The system that we have is the product of innumerable ad-hoc changes, few if any of which were based on any coherent view of the underlying structure they were supposed to improve. The state into which our system has drifted shows that further minor modifications to the status quo will not bring us any nearer to the objective of a reasonably efficient, fair and stable tax system. Yet no government which is concerned with the most efficient way of financing public spending, and which cares about how the tax burden is distributed, can afford to be without a coherent tax policy.

Anyone analysing the system for the first time must view it in amazement – with its separate taxes on different kinds of income, each tax having its own rules and methods of administration. In addition to income tax, there are distinct and separately-administered surcharges on employment income (in the form of national insurance contributions), on investment income (in the form of investment-income surcharge) and on self-employment income (in the form of special national insurance contributions for the self-employed). The methods of calculating liability differ in each case. At the lower end of the income scale, interaction between the tax system and the maze of different means-tested benefits can give rise to tax rates of well over 100 per cent on each marginal addition to income – the notorious 'poverty trap'.

A GOOD EXAMPLE of the unhappy effects of the ad-hoc approach occurred last year, in Chancellor Healey's treatment of capital gains tax. Inflation means that *real* capital gains can be much less than *nominal* capital gains, but our system taxes nominal gains: the reverse of what a well-designed income tax should do. One remedy proposed was 'tapering relief', under which the tax rate would be lower the longer the asset had been held: another was index-linking, to ensure that tax would fall solely on real gains.

Mr Healey rightly rejected 'tapering', as economically absurd and administratively complicated. And he rejected indexation, on the proper grounds that it would be wrong to index-link capital gains without doing so for other forms of capital income, such as building-society interest. But he rejected the logic of his own argument, which was that if inflation created a problem (clearly it did) then indexation should be introduced across-the-board. And if it did not, there was no case for giving special treatment to capital gains.

What the Chancellor actually did (and it scarcely fits with the image of a Chancellor 'making the pips squeak') was merely *reduce the rate* of capital gains tax: so that the first £1,000 of gain is exempt altogether, and gains up to £5,000 in a year pay a maximum average of only 12 per cent. The marginal rate then jumps to 50 per cent, before falling to 30 per cent on gains above £9,500. This is a curious rate schedule, to say the least. Its design has nothing to do with the incidence of inflation: it appears to be merely a device for buying time until the government can think of something more sensible to do, or until inflation disappears, or until people stop worrying about it. Such pragmatism, lacking any base in underlying principles, leads to complexity, excessive cost, and the loopholes and anomalies on which the tax avoidance industry thrives. It is this allegedly practical, but actually impractical, approach which has produced an accumulation of legislation like a patchwork quilt coming apart at the seams.

Although neither the Conservative manifesto nor the Labour one faces up to the issue, there certainly are reforms which could be instituted – at the cost of upsetting the status quo. But before looking at such proposals, it is necessary to describe the real, as against the imagined effect of taxes in Britain. The redis-

*Esmée Fairbairn Professor of Investment, Birmingham.

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tributive elements in the system rely largely on high tax rates on earned income, although variations in earnings are no longer (if they ever were) the major source of inequality. *The main sources of wealth are inheritances and capital gains – including those from building-up and selling a business – and effective tax rates on income from capital are lower than on employment income, because those taxes are easier to avoid.* The attempt to impose very high tax rates on earned income gives rise to a proliferation of fringe benefits which are not only a less efficient method of rewarding managers, but serve to increase the visibility of differentials. Employees might find it easier to accept that senior staff should receive larger salaries than that they should get longer holidays, more lavish working conditions, private medical insurance, special dining rooms and use of company cars. According to the Diamond Commission 94 per cent of senior managers in 1975 had personal use of a company car, and a system under which executives are twice as likely to get a free car than receive bonus payments is one which emphasises status rather than performance.[1]

The argument against the highest rates of tax on earned income is not that they discourage hard work (they may, though the evidence is limited). But they encourage inefficient forms of reward, and they do not achieve much redistribution. Consequently, they raise little revenue: reducing the top rate of tax on earned income to 60 per cent would cost about £250 million in a full year, much less than cutting the basic rate by one point.

AT THE OTHER END of the scale some five million people, nearly ten per cent of the population, are supported by supplementary benefits – with many others failing to claim the benefits to which they are entitled. Although this is a far cry from Beveridge's idea of national assistance as a final line of help for a handful of families, it can perhaps be said that concentrating help on recipients of supplementary benefit is a cost-effective form of income maintenance. The trouble is that it does not maintain the incomes of the low-paid, because those in work are not eligible for supplementary benefit. If the low-paid try to increase their earnings – by working overtime, or by changing jobs – they are apt to be little better off: this is where the combination of income tax, national insurance contributions and the withdrawal of means-tested benefits can produce marginal tax rates over 100 per cent.

Income tax, national insurance contribution and Family Income Supplement alone imply a marginal rate of between 80 and 90 per cent, and at the beginning of last year there were 100,000 families getting Family Income Supplement, and there is a myriad of other means-tested benefits like rent and rates rebates. It is immensely difficult to calculate the implicit marginal tax rates which are produced, and if families could work them out (which is unlikely) many would be very depressed.

There are a good many wage-earners who would be better-off if they could arrange to be sick, or unemployed, for a part – but only a part – of the tax year. (This does not apply to the long-term sick and unemployed, who are unjustly given lower rates of assistance than those whose misfortune is temporary.) The strange situation has two causes: first, sickness and unemployment benefits paid in lieu of taxed earnings are not themselves taxed; second, child benefits for those in work are less generous than those for people out of work.

It is hardly likely that many people are able to contrive short periods of unemployment so as to maximise net income. But the fact that such anomalies exist – with their true nature being poorly understood – makes it easy to whip up resentment against 'scroungers', as the tabloid press has not hesitated to do, thus making it harder to persuade the average wage-earner to meet the cost of adequate benefits for those in need. Sickness and unemployment benefits could be taxed – thus providing revenue to improve benefits for the longterm unemployed – provided there were administrative reforms. Chiefly, this would require the abolition of 'cumulative withholding' in the PAYE system, so that any one payment could be specifically taxed, with any necessary adjustments being made after the annual tax return, which all taxpayers would have to make. And rapid changes in mortgage interest over the past two years have meant that cumulative withholding has been effectively scrapped for many owner-occupiers: it should be extended to other taxpayers as soon as computers can make it feasible. If anyone is not convinced of the simplifications this would bring, I suggest a look at the leaflet entitled *Autumn 1977 – Income Tax Changes for 1977-78* which was sent out last year with the notices of coding for 1978-79. See if you can understand page two, which is all about mortgage interest relief – a prize for the best solution.

Some reforms have been made: from this month, child tax allowances and family allowances are replaced by a single child benefit, amounting to £4 per week for each child, with an additional £2 for the first child in some one-parent families. Further reductions in the gap between child support given to the employed and the unemployed could be given by making an extra payment for the first child, which could be financed by abolishing the married-man's tax allowance.

BUT INVESTMENT INCOME, and the treatment of savings, produce anomalies more striking than anything in the mythology of 'scrounging'. A top rate of 98 per cent may give an impression of penal taxation, but it is misleading. It is, of course, silly to tax anything at 98 per cent, and in reality the government does not try to. For instance, the Bank of England has designed special government stocks for high-rate taxpayers which cuts their effective tax rate to about 50-60 per cent.

Capital gains are taxed lightly in comparison with investment income – particularly after last year's Budget – and this gives scope for tax advisers to dream-up wondrous schemes for converting income into capital. Failure to index the system does increase the tax burden, but the practical outcome is one in which the rate varies enormously, virtually haphazardly, from person to person and from year to year.

Three forms of personal saving receive especially favoured treatment: investment in owner-occupied housing; contributions to pension funds; and life-insurance premiums. This is on the whole advantageous to middle-class families, and the three items make up the bulk of personal savings, so that the institutions which hold them dominate the capital market. Pension funds and life-insurance companies own between them nearly half of the equity capital of British companies, and their behaviour is critical to the government's ability to borrow the money that it needs.

Discrimination between different types of saving involves different rules for each kind of asset, which produces the complexity on which the investment-columns of the newspapers thrive, and makes the basis of avoidance devices. The consequence of failure to apply consistent treatment to savings and investment income is that much decision-making is dominated by tax considerations, both at the personal and the industrial level – where the financing package associated with a decision is often more critical than the basic profitability of the investment being examined. What is the rationale for a system in which mergers may take place essentially for tax reasons: in which tax advisers are more important than engineers and export mana-

[1]. Royal Commission on the Distribution of Income and Wealth, Report No 3 1976. Cmnd 6383. C. Pond, *The Unacceptable Face of Labour's Pay Policy*, NEW STATESMAN 17 November 1978.

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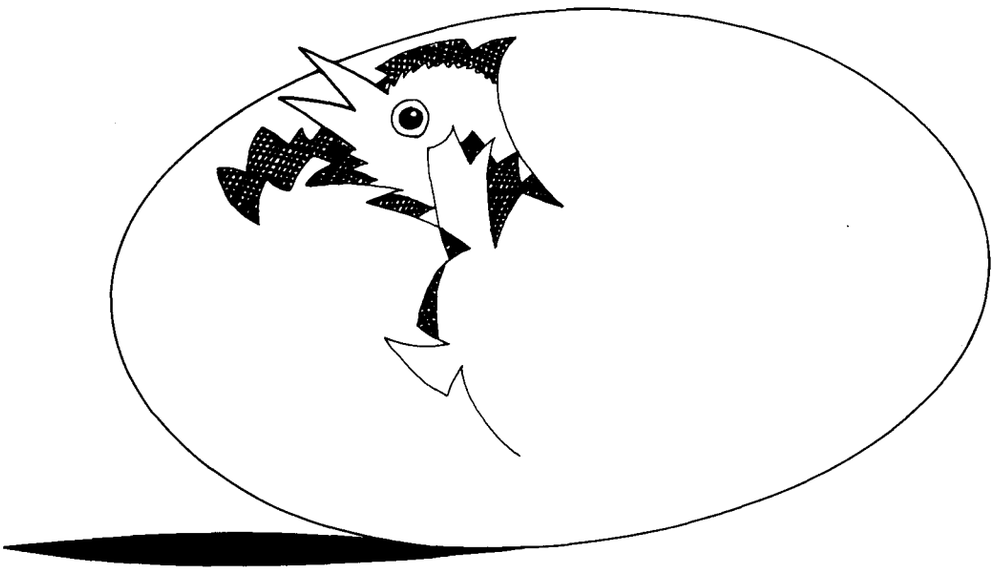

Cracking idea.

The idea that's hatching at our refinery is a real cracker. A £150 million catalytic cracker complex, no less — replete with delights for the technology buff: alkylation, isomerisation, deisobutanisation, the lot.

But to most people outside the oil business, that could be good news, bad news, a tax dodge or an excuse to put up prices.

So why should anyone care?

For one thing, it should boost Britain's balance of payments by around £40 million a year.

And for another, it anticipates a conservationist trend in the way Britain uses oil.

Most British refineries, ours included, produce large quantities of heavy fuel oil — used mainly for industrial heating and electricity generation. But those jobs can be done just as well by other fuels. In years to come, it won't make sense to burn a scarce resource like oil for heating when it could be used to make petrol, jet fuel and lubricants — products for which there's no satisfactory alternative.

That's where the cracker comes in. It's an 80-foot vertical steel column in which heavy fuel oil molecules are cracked up into smaller structures; when they're reassembled, we end up with less fuel oil — and an extra supply of petrol.

Good news for us, because petrol is a more valuable product.

Good news for Britain, too. Instead of having to top up our petrol supplies with expensive imports, we'll have a healthy surplus to export. Which is where the balance of payments benefit comes from.

Too good to be true? Certainly it's risky trying to anticipate changes in market demand, especially with a project which takes four years to complete.

But we had to find £150 million to fund the project; and you can't raise that kind of money without convincing some pretty shrewd people that your idea is all it's cracked up to be.

Mobil®

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gers, and there is an incentive for valuable time to be spent on socially pointless activities?

THE FAVOURS GIVEN to life-insurance companies, pension-funds and owner-occupiers, though taken politically for granted, are very hard to justify. They happen to suit the life-style of middle-class people with predictable career-patterns, who remain largely immobile both geographically and occupationally. The sort of person who comes to mind, in fact, closely resembles the people who construct and control the tax system. He is a civil servant, living in (say) Wimbledon: able to stay without interruption in the same owner-occupied house; travel to work by train (zero-rated for VAT); look forward to a secure and inflation-proofed pension; able to put any spare cash into a life-insurance policy which will mature at the right moment to pay school fees, and thus secure a foothold in the system for a future generation. I have absolutely no wish to discriminate against civil servants living in Wimbledon, but neither can I think of a good reason for discriminating in their favour.

Given the deficiencies of our economic performance – central to much campaign rhetoric – it is odd that we should offer incentives to people in the City so that they can think up *dis*-incentives which work against those who move around after employment (thus wishing to rent, rather than buy a home); who disagree with staid employers (thus placing low value on pension rights) and wish to exploit new business ideas, but cannot do so because any savings they may have are locked-up in life insurance.

Here we come to the argument, which will be much rehearsed in the next few weeks, which says that only a big reduction in the tax burden can eliminate the worst distortions, and 'free the spirit of enterprise from the straitjacket of excessive taxation', etc. Although a cut in rates would reduce the magnitude of the problem – depending upon what sacrifice is made in essential services – there are two large difficulties in the argument.

First, as the tables show, Britain simply is not highly taxed in comparison with many of those countries which are exhibited as examples of economic success. Despite the problems of comparison, the broad picture is clear: we bear less tax than Scandinavia, rather more than America and Japan, and about the same as the West European neighbours which outperform us.

Secondly, many of the problems I have described derive from the weakness of the tax *base*, rather than the *rates* which are applied. We are taxing the wrong things, and failing to tax the right things. Only a virtual elimination of direct taxation would deal with this – and the point is important in terms of the present political argument, which often proposes a shift to indirect taxation. A *small* shift to indirect taxation would make no impact on the inadequacies of the present tax base: to make a *large* shift would be to abandon any pretence of progressive taxation.

I believe the only way to deal with the problem is to have a uniform treatment of income from capital, through a progressive personal expenditure tax of the kind proposed by Nicholas Kaldor in 1955, and again by the Meade Committee last year[2]. This has not been welcomed, or even much discussed by those British politicians who are most vehement about the evils of taxation: and what they perhaps care for as little as anything is the Meade finding that the whole system could be much simpler in operation than that we have at present. It would be based purely on cash flow, eliminating the distinction between income and capital on which most of the present-day opportunities for avoidance depend.

An expenditure tax would be levied directly on individuals, and by choice of rate could be made as progressive as the government of the day desired. Taxable expenditure would be receipts of cash from all sources (whether tips, or sales of shares) minus cash deposited in 'registered assets' which would include practically all kinds of saving except current accounts. PAYE would continue to be deducted at source, and the majority of taxpayers would notice little administrative change. It might be argued that such a tax favours the rich, because only the rich can afford to save. But this forgets that the rich also *dis*-save, and that the system we have makes little impact on spending out of capital gains and inherited wealth.

The great escape . . .

Size of transfer on which average rate of CTT = 30% (£)

	Autumn '77	Autumn '78
On death		
Small business	**293,748**	**2,345,000**
Other property	**108,750**	**133,000**
By gift		
Small business	**634,370**	**3,162,500**
Other property	**243,125**	**266,500**

Source: calculations by Prof. King. 'Gifts' must be made more than 3 years before death. 'Small business' here is 'relevant business property' as defined in the Finance Act.

. . . from Capital Transfer Tax

INDEED, CAPITAL TAXES are largely ineffective at the moment: the high exemption level means that most of the wealth transferred between generations pays a very low average rate. Even since the introduction of Capital Transfer Tax (CTT) it remains easy for a couple who are well-advised to pass on more than £100,000 tax-free. For this reason, gifts and bequests made to other people should be treated as part of taxable spending: resulting in an increase of the average tax on capital transfers, without the need for self-defeating marginal rates at the top.

A good example of the weakness of CTT, and of the extent to which political debate on taxation is divorced from reality, occurs in the treatment of small businesses. There is a wide range of concessions, but most of them assist the founder of the business only at the *end* of his or her career. The problem with small business is not that it is crushed under transfer taxes, but rather that policy fails to find ways of encouraging new firms to arise and old ones to die in peace. There is little evidence that the dynastic motive is important to innovators (it is thought important by those who have inherited themselves) and some evidence that firms perform less well when the inheritors take them over.

'Small is beautiful' makes as mindless an axiom as 'big is beautiful', which ruled the sixties. Yet already, under Labour, the 1977 and '78 Budgets have produced inexplicable concessions for small business which the Tories will find it difficult to out-do. In one year (see tables) these were so enormous that the size of a business liable to CTT increased *eight-fold*. This change was not announced by Mr Healey, and part of it could only be detected through the omission of certain words in the Finance Bill.

The truth is that the decline of small business did not occur overnight, and it cannot be corrected through such huge concessions to the owners of established concerns. Indeed, an expenditure tax is more likely to do something for small-scale industrial innovation: by facilitating personal saving, and by reversing the trend towards 'institutionalisation' of the capital market.

A STOCK ITEM of political debate is the idea that British industry staggers under a vast tax burden. If the personal tax system is rather a shambles, the corporate tax system is chaos enclosed in mythology, with most industrial companies paying little, if any, tax. John Kay and I found that of 20 leading UK industrial concerns, 13 paid *no* mainstream corporation tax in 1977, and in total only £117 million of tax was paid compared with total reported profits in 1976 of £4,276 million.[3] The 'temporary' stock relief of November 1974 has survived almost five years, with no sign of a permanent solution. Because nothing has been announced, companies are uncertain about their tax liability, and so we have a tax which raises scarcely any revenue but yet generates economic distortions.

There appears to be a complete absence of ideas about what to do. In 1974, the corporate sector was threatened with financial bankruptcy because of inflation's effect on stocks: now it is intellectual bankruptcy. The most convincing alternative would be a 'cash flow corporation tax', which would be levied on the difference between receipts from sales and outlays made for current and capital inputs. Stock relief could be abolished, inflation accounting would be for tax purposes, and distinction between different types of finance would occupy less attention.

I believe that such a tax, coupled with a progressive personal expenditure tax, would redress many injustices. It would represent the first serious attempt in this country to tax spending out of inherited wealth, and to lessen the transmission of privilege from one generation to the next. The effects on the economy would, I think, be restorative. Of course, there may be other solutions which can be put forward. But if any politician suggests that major reform is less than imperative, or that what is required is to 'lighten the burden' by some ad-hoc juggling with the rates, he or she is avoiding one of the central problems of present political economy.

[2] *An Expenditure Tax*, N. Kaldor, Allen & Unwin, 1955. *Structure and Reform of Direct Taxation*, Meade Committee Report, Allen & Unwin, 1978. Other distinguished economists had recommended the idea before Kaldor.

[3] *The British Tax System*, J. A. Kay & M. A. King, Oxford

BINDERS

If you wish to keep your NEW STATESMAN in good condition you should have a binder. It holds a half-year's copies and costs only £3 (£5 for two). Please send remittance to Eve Suckling, New Statesman, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1.

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'1978 was a year of success and strain for British Rail'

Points from British Rail's Annual Report and Accounts for 1978

Sir Peter Parker, Chairman

Surplus

The Board had an operating surplus of £58.3m before interest.

Cash Limit

The Railway again delivered the Contract, beating the agreed price by £8m. This was £56m below the cash limit set by Government.

Results year ended 31st December 1978.

Income	**Year 1978 £m**	Year 1977 £m
Railways (incl. Government & other contract payments)	**1,647.5**	1,428.2
Freightliner	**21.0***	
Rail Workshops – external sales	**29.2**	9.6
Ships & Harbours	**154.2**	131.2
Hovercraft	**5.6**	4.0
Hotels	**33.7**	29.9
Travellers-Fare	**49.8**	43.0
Property	**33.3**	29.0
Transmark	**4.5**	2.9
	1,978.8	1,677.8

* from 4 August 1978.

Passengers

More people travelled more often and for longer distances and passenger miles recorded were the highest for four years, with passenger volume up by 3 per cent.

Freight and Parcels

Non-passenger rail activities made a small surplus in 1978 with the combined freight and parcels businesses meeting financial targets only three years after requiring Government support of £66m.

Freightliner

The container carrying company, Freightliners Ltd., became a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Board on 4 August and achieved an operating surplus of £0.9m in the full year.

Exports

The Queen's Award for Export Achievement was earned by Transmark, the Board's transport consultancy, for a near sixfold increase in overseas' earnings. British Rail Engineering Ltd., won export orders worth £50m.

Ships and Harbours

Shipping Division had a record year with an operating surplus of over £12m, as it prepared to become a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Board, Sealink UK Ltd., from 1 January 1979.

Hovercraft

Seaspeed's new jumbo hovercraft, the Super 4, went into service using the new purpose-built Dover hoverport.

Hotels and Catering

Earnings from overseas' visitors at British Transport Hotels rose by 22 per cent and profits from station catering were also higher.

Operating Surplus/(Loss)	**Year 1978 £m**	Year 1977 £m
Railways:		
Operating Result	**23.1**	30.9
Operational Property	**16.2**	13.7
Commercial Advertising	**2.6**	2.0
Travellers-Fare	**(4.1)**	(1.8)
	37.8	44.8
Freightliner	**0.8**	0.3
Rail Workshops – external sales	**0.1**	0.6
Ships & Harbours	**12.2**	9.2
Hovercraft	**(2.2)**	(0.6)
Hotels	**1.0**	1.5
Non-Operational Property	**7.0**	7.0
Transmark	**0.3**	0.3
Other Income (net)	**1.3**	5.3
Surplus before Interest	**58.3**	68.4
Taxation – Overseas	**0.2**	0.2
Interest & Other Financing Charges	**51.6**	38.5
Result before extraordinary items	**6.5**	29.7

Property

Property Board objectives were again met, with an increase in gross revenue from railway operational and non-operational property.

Advertising

British Transport Advertising had another record year and contributed a net surplus of £2.6m from the sale of commercial advertising on the Board's property.

British Rail's Annual Report and Accounts is available from HMSO or from British Railways Board, 222 Marylebone Road, London NW1 6JJ. (Price £1.50).

British Rail

The backbone of the nation

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INDUSTRY
Anna Coote

Slow, steady starvation has driven BL to Honda

Saved by a Japanese 'Cortina'

BRITISH LEYLAND'S current corporate advertising campaign – 'We don't just make British. We also buy British' – sits uneasily with its most important corporate development for decades: a plan to import large amounts of Japanese technology from Honda. This week the BL unions were told that talks with Honda were still at an early stage. Nonetheless, it looks as though they will go ahead and BL will import the technical means to build a new medium-sized model, which is to be the main product in its volume car range.

The reason why British Leyland needs to import its technology is simple: for years, when the company was in private ownership, it failed to preserve sufficient engineering capacity and as a result it is now unable to replace the eight-year-old Marina and the six-year-old Allegro. Only a dramatic reassessment of policy can prevent deals of the Honda kind becoming a permanent feature of BL's future.

Despite press reports to the contrary, BL's investment has been pitifully low: it has almost halved in real terms since 1970. In the first six years of this decade – for most of which BL was in private ownership – the average annual investment per employee was £375. Ford UK invested almost twice as much per employee and Fiat £800. Opel, Renault and Volkswagen all invested, on average, more than £1,000 a year for each of their employees.

Leyland's rescue by the state and the company's continuing financial problems show how disastrous that policy has been. Matters might have been a lot worse, but for the quality of products designed almost *twenty* years ago, such as the Mini and the 'A series' engines (standard in most BL volume cars). While these products were making profits, Leyland starved its research and development teams of resources. Today, Austin Morris has an average of 140 engineers (technical level and above) per assembly line, while Ford UK has 400 and Daimler Benz has almost 1,400.

This neglect has created a spiral of decline. BL's employees are leaving the company for better wages elsewhere and the government's pay policy prevents the management from stemming the flow. Between 1972 and 1977, the number of tool designers employed by BL fell from 180 to 70. In one year alone (1976) the technical labour force declined by 200.

The nationalisation of BL – born from the need to bale out the problems of capitalism and shaped by a government committed to a programme of public spending cuts – has not provided an opportunity to reverse the trend, despite warnings of crisis. The Ryder Report, for all its shortcomings, was right to point out in 1975 that most machinery in the automotive industry was replaced after 8-12 years, while half the machinery in British Leyland was more than 15 years old:

> Apart from the need to introduce new models, British Leyland would in any event need a heavy programme of investment to bring its machines and equipment to modern working standards . . . This record of under-investment is the main reason for the low productivity of British Leyland's workforce compared with, say, Fiat or Volkswagen. It also engenders low morale among the workforce and worsens industrial relations.

A Select Committee of the House of Commons warned in 1976 that the British motor industry would not be able to equal productivity abroad until 'investment substantially increases the capital stock productivity'. Michael Edwardes' threat to cut the five-year investment programme for BL cars by £300 million has to be seen in this context.

Edwardes is more inclined to blame the company's backwardness on industrial disputes – and is inclined to blame *them* on militant trade unionists. He does not seem to share the view that poor industrial relations can stem, at least partly, from a shortage of funds which keeps wages low and threatens certain jobs. At this week's meeting, he told the BL unions that he was committed to rebuilding the company's engineering capacity; yet last week a threat was made to stop investment of £280 million in Landrovers if the toolmakers went on strike.

The white collar section of the engineers' union, TASS, holds a key position in negotiations over the Honda deal: it organises the engineers whose function is to be usurped (in a sense) by the Japanese, and who will handle, and therefore be able to 'black', any material sent from Honda. Their demands include a guarantee that the LC10, BL's own medium-sized model, due for delivery in 1983, will go into production; full details of the proposed arrangement with Honda before the agreement is signed; and details of how the liaison is to be phased out after it has served its immediate purpose. They also want salary increases ranging up to £1,500 for their engineer members, before the next pay round. Just how temporary Edwardes imagines the Honda deal to be, is uncertain. It might suit him to pay the white-collar engineers what they want: the response to that of the other unions will be all-important. If matters are not settled earlier, they will probably come to a head on 1 November this year. That is the date on which plans for establishing a national wage bargaining structure for BL are due for completion – and on which the patience of BL employees, after two years' prevarication over pay, is likely to run out.

LAW

Racists get TV election platform

Geoffrey Robertson writes: Last week the Council for Racial Equality called for more prosecutions of National Front supporters, identifying their rhetoric as a chief cause of the continuing violence in Brick Lane. That rhetoric, dressed up as an election broadcast, will soon be accorded a slice of prime television time on all channels, free of charge and free of charges under the Public Order Act..

The law which governs electioneering is embodied in the Representation of the People Act. This legislation guarantees every candidate one free mailing to each elector, and a right to use school halls within the constituency for campaign meetings. It is silent, however, on the subject of pre-election broadcasts. These are allocated on the basis of chummy arrangements devised in secret by the Committee on Party Political Broadcasting, which has no legal standing. It comprises representatives from the BBC, ITV and the three major parties; it is responsible to nobody, and its rules of thumb are embodied in an unpublished document which is not even made available to television producers. Its arbitrary decision that every party fielding 50 candidates shall have an uninhibited slice of air time awarded the National Front a free broadcast in 1974 and will doubtless provide similar largesse in 1979. The result of this idiosyncratic arrangement is that the Flat Earth Society, the Liberal Dog Lovers Party or the Monty Python appreciation campaign could all qualify for a brief monopoly of the airwaves if they could afford to stake the deposits.

The arrangement might be harmlessly eccentric but for the fact that it affords a singular exemption from race relations law to a party dedicated to racialism. Section 5(A) of the Public Order Act, which prohibits written or spoken incitements to racial hatred, does not apply to television or radio broadcasts. A National Front candidate who abuses his election rights to free mailing or free meeting places may commit a Section 5(A) offence by 'distributing written matter' or by speeches 'in any public place or at any public meeting'. The Front's election broadcasts, however, fall outside the law, because neither the studio in which they are recorded, nor the homes in which they are received, are 'public places'. The anomoly is glaring: words calculated to arouse racist passions are illegal in smudgy pamphlets and in half-deserted meeting-halls, yet the same words may lawfully be transmitted with all the seductive force of television.

The interpretation of the Act was adopted by the DPP when rejecting complaints about a local councillor alleged to have broadcast descriptions of gypsies as 'parasites' and 'cannibals':

> I do not think it can be said that he uttered the worlds in a public place because neither the broadcasting studio nor the dwelling in which the broadcast would have been received are public places within the meaning of the 1936 Act. *(Letter from DPP to Sheffield Gypsy Education Group, 19 January 1979.)*

The Government has confirmed the DPP's view: when taxed by Lord Avebury, the Home Office spokesman conceded that the case 'pinpointed a particular problem in relation to broadcasting which it appears Parliament did not grapple with in all the discussions that took place when this legislation was passing through Parliament' (House of Lords, 20 February).

Since the Front cannot be prosecuted for television utterances of the sort which sent Robert Relf to gaol, it is time to reconsider the arbitrary decision of the Committee on Party Political Broadcasting which has granted them such a unique privilege. For a layout of £7,500 (the cost of 50 deposits) any extremist group can avail itself of five or ten minutes of simultaneous all-channel transmission.

Even if the studio platform is privileged, broadcasting authorities are under no obligation to make it available. Transmission of National Front diatribes could well be a breach of Section 4(1)(a) of the Independent Broadcasting Authority Act, which requires the IBA members to ensure that nothing is included in the programme which offends against good taste or decency or is likely to encourage or incite to crime or lead to disorder or to be offensive to public feeling.

The BBC has given a solemn undertaking to abide by the same standard, and this undertaking is noted under Clause 13(4) of its Licence Agreement. It was invoked last month to ban Ian McEwan's play *Solid Geometry*, in the belief that a scene showing a pickled penis, seen through a glass jar darkly, would offend decent public feelings. The National Front broadcast would seem a much graver breach of the IBA Act and the BBC undertaking.

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Election '79

Larry the lion or Larry the lamb?

Fleet Street's election campaign gets underway with a conspicuous blunder from one of Mrs Thatcher's keenest fans: the *Express* exhibits its expertise; social security 'scroungers' are thrust into the limelight once again; and the Liberals start their hand-wringing. PAUL FOOT reports.

NO ONE IS more dogmatic than a convert. And the most wide-eyed convert in Fleet Street over the last few years has been Larry Lamb, the editor of Britain's largest-selling daily newspaper, the *Sun*.

Larry was chosen as editor of the *Sun* by its proprietor Rupert Murdoch way back at the start of the 1970s. He it was who decided to plaster pictures of naked women all over page three. At the same time he patented a brash populism, supporting the miners in 1972 and even attacking the Industrial Relations Act.

But soon after Margaret Thatcher's election as leader of the Tory Party, she converted Larry to her brand of Conservatism. He became quite wild about her, and could hardly wait for the election to fling himself into the election fray. In his editorial on 30 March – right at the start of the election campaign, Larry insisted: 'The *Sun* is NOT a Tory newspaper'. But he went on to say, 'we WILL be supporting Margaret Thatcher' in the election. It wasn't just the policies, he explained. Not just the tax cuts, and the promise to 'STRENGTHEN our rickety armed forces' (these are contradictory policies, by the way, Larry, but let that pass). The 'overwhelming reason', he wrote, was 'more fundamental'. There followed this unforgettable passage:

> The fact is that the nation is suffering from a crisis of spirit. Cynicism abounds, and is increasing, in Parliament and outside. There is a growing whiff of corruption in the Corridors of Power. There is a growing reluctance to do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. It is our view that we shall not reverse this process without a new broom. That we cannot generate a new spirit without new ideas, and a new team.

There, in a nutshell, is the convert Larry: head held high, dog-collar tight, standing straight up beneath the proud banner of the emblazoned Tit and Bum, ready to do battle with his new-found Joan of Arc against Corruption and Cynicism in the Corridors of Power.

The problem with this image is that it requires a certain self-respect and a certain independence. Accordingly, Larry strongly contested the suggestion that he was a mere Thatcher hack. Not at all. In the new Thatcher-Lamb partnership, Larry was an *equal,* always prepared to give his partner advice, even if she didn't need it.

And so it was that Larry the convert came a terrible cropper. Only four days after his bold editorial, Larry leapt to the barricades of the *Sun* PAGE ONE OPINION. The issue was the invitation by London Weekend Television to the Labour and Tory Party leaders to appear together in a television election 'confrontation'. Larry knew exactly where he stood with regard to this one. He shrieked: TAKE HIM ON, MAGGIE. (I must point out to people who look at the front page that this 'Maggie' is not the woman in a G-string who seems to get the most prominence.)

'Rumour has it,' wrote Larry in his most new-broom style:

> that many of Mrs Thatcher's advisers may press her not to risk mixing it on the box with Big Jim

THE Sun

SHE SHOULD SAY YES TO BIG JIM'S TV CHALLENGE

Take him on, Maggie

GODIVA GIRL STORM

SUN PAGE ONE OPINION

Advisers

. . . *Maggie should ignore such craven advice.* In the first place she would, in our view, be foolish beyond belief to subject herself to a barrage of derisory attacks on the ground that she was afraid to meet the Prime Minister face to face. In the second place, why on earth should her advisers automatically assume that she is likely to emerge second-best from a confrontation?

How could anyone have thought such a thing?

Then disaster struck. On the very day that Larry's hard-hitting editorial went out to the world, Margaret Thatcher decided that she *was* going to funk the confrontation with Jim after all. The *Mirror* and the *Star* printed the news as their front page splash.

What was the *Sun*'s reaction? Did Larry tick off his heroine? Did he, perhaps, publish another leader under the heading CRAVEN, or FOOLISH BEYOND BELIEF?

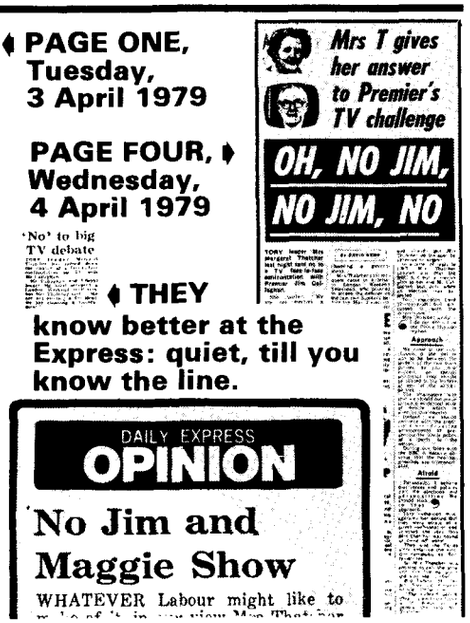
No. The news of Maggie's funk was printed straight on an inside page, reproducing all the excuses of Thatcher's advisers which the *Sun* leader had so mercilessly attacked the day before. And without a word of comment.

Larry should study the way the TV confrontation issue was dealt with by the *Daily Express*. The *Express* has been supporting the Tory Party ever since it existed, and the editors there are very experienced at the game. They know that they must not confuse their readers with any suggestion that a Tory leader could be wrong, let alone 'foolish' or 'craven'. They make sure of this by *waiting until* decisions are made, and then supporting them.

The *Express* reported the news of Thatcher's 'No' to the confrontation in a single inch of type well inside the paper (see picture). Its editor reflected for a day. And then, in his leader the following day, he wrote:

> NO JIM AND MAGGIE SHOW. Whatever Labour might like to make of it, in our view Mrs Thatcher was absolutely right to reject the idea of a TV 'confrontation' or 'duel' with Jim Callaghan.

That's the way to support your leader. And I think that already Larry has learnt his lesson.


PAGE ONE, Tuesday, 3 April 1979

PAGE FOUR, Wednesday, 4 April 1979

'No' to big TV debate

Mrs T gives her answer to Premier's TV challenge

OH, NO JIM, NO JIM, NO

THEY know better at the Express: quiet, till you know the line.

DAILY EXPRESS OPINION

No Jim and Maggie Show

WHATEVER Labour might like to

As Ernest Hemingway might have put it: The Sun Also Sets.

THE MOST POWERFUL effect of the Tory bias in our newspapers during election campaigns is not so much in their reporting of political events. It is in their selection of politically suitable stories for specially exaggerated coverage. Last Thursday, for instance, the Tory dailies had a wonderful ball with Neimat Zafar, a small-time crook who diddled the social security authorities of some £37,000 in four years.

The *Express* and the *Sun* managed to lead their papers with this story on 5 April. Then they all had another bite at it the following day, when the man was sentenced to three years. The *Daily Telegraph* even managed a third big article last Saturday about how social security officials might sue the man for their money back. It all helps the party which will be tough on social security scroungers. I offer a prize to anyone who can find an article in any of the Tory dailies over the next three weeks which exposes the scandal of tax evasion through companies registered in the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man.

WHICH WAY will the so-called Liberal newspapers – the *Guardian* and the *Observer* – jump? Sunday's *Observer* editorial bears all the marks of the current crisis of conscience of its editor-in-chief, Conor Cruise O'Brien (though it could be editor Donald Trelford's work).

It is called 'Foreign Policy Choices' and it goes on to show how Labour has some good points and some bad points, and the Tories have some good points and some bad points. Labour must not be anti-European and the Tories must not be too pro-South African, and if only they would both behave reasonably, like Mr O'Brien or Mr Trelford, then there wouldn't be any difference between them, and decent liberal-minded people wouldn't have to make up their minds.

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Election '79

Political theory of the overdog

Does the Right really have any new ideas? Thatcher and Joseph are apparently sure that the time has come for a 'capitalism and freedom crusade'. CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS and BRUCE PAGE examine the 'libertarian' pretensions of the neo-conservatives.

AN ATTEMPT is being made, not least in this election, to give the Left an inferiority complex about its ideas, and to overcome the historic stigma of the Conservatives as 'the stupid party'. This effort has been augmented, certainly, by the philistinism of Callaghan's government and by some of the nostrums of some of the Left. But it is vital to recognise that the 'New Right', as we may call it, is putting forward a set of ideas (and a team of prophets) so long discredited that their resurrection may indeed seem novel to some.

The aspirant Tory journalist or candidate these days is expected to nod appreciatively at two names in particular – those of Friedrich-August von Hayek and Milton Friedman. (It is not yet obligatory to incline the head at the mention of Sir Keith Joseph, though his boiled-down versions of the two wise men are the most that the average Tory has actually read.) The key propositions are alarmingly simple, which must account for the speed of their assimilation. Basically; planning equals dictatorship, and *laissez-faire*, while not guaranteeing freedom in itself, is the only basis upon which freedom can flourish. Sometimes the latter qualification is elided, and capitalism is held to be an identity with freedom. But in fairness, the number of capitalist dictatorships in history and at present have made their mark even on the Right.

Hayek and Friedman are old antagonists of socialism and social democracy. Hayek comes from that Austrian school which originally contested Marx in the nineteenth century, which has made some estimable contribution to capital theory, and which holds, after Ludwig von Mises, that without free competition there can be no such thing as prices and no consumer sovereignty. He is a traditional central European conservative, who recently upset some of his admirers by praising Mrs Thatcher's speech on the prospect of Britain being 'swamped by an alien culture'. In old Vienna, he sapiently pointed out, there was a direct correlation between the extent of anti-semitism and the number of Jews. This new light on the law of supply and demand may not have been an accident. Hayek after all believes, and argued in his *Road to Serfdom* in 1943 that: 'It is characteristic that both in Germany and Italy the success of fascism was preceded by the refusal of the socialist parties to take over the responsibilities of government'. It was on this advice, in 1945, that Churchill made his speech about Labour needing a 'Gestapo' in order to have a National Health Service. Hayek's unhistorical view that socialism and fascism are twins has persisted to this day.

Milton Friedman is not quite so lost in the reactionary fogs of *mittelEuropa*. His is a more breezy and business like argument; usually and appropriately identified with the 'Chicago School'. He advised Barry Goldwater on economics in his election campaign and has briefly assisted Pinochet and Begin in their difficulties too. The message is always the same; balance the budget, cut taxes and public spending, avoid state intervention and let bankruptcy discipline capital as unemployment disciplines labour. Though he has modified his academic monetarism in recent years, his *political* economy is still the same essential 'package'. Politically, Friedman is neither deep nor elegant – he recently warned the West against leaning too hard on South Africa in case the Boers should take offence and throw in their lot with the USSR.

THE CLEAREST WAY of showing the method and the limitations of these two thinkers and their descendants is to take one subject on which they have both pronounced and worked. The example of unemployment seems the most relevant as well as the most topical, and it undoubtedly illustrates the antagonism between the monetarist Right and the main tenets of socialism and democracy.

Adam Smith argued that it was 'not from the benevolence' of the merchant that we receive our dinner, but from his atttention to his own self-interest. This view, or a version of it, forms the core of the Hayek-Friedman case, and is the favourite quotation of the Institute of Economic Affairs. They forget that Smith also said:

> The third and last duty of the sovereign or commonwealth is that of erecting and maintaining those public institutions and those public works which, though they may be in the highest degree advantageous to a great society are, however, of such a nature that the profit could never repay the expense to any individual or small number of individuals . . . The performance of this duty requires, too, very different degrees of expense in the different periods of society.

Pertinent enough when Smith wrote it; rather more urgent now that questions of control over nuclear energy and the environment are involved. Also, now that we know that business cycles are not acts of God, it might seeem reasonable that 'public institutions and works' include some consideration of employment. Not to Hayek it doesn't. He says in *The Road to Serfdom*:

> In a competitive society it is no slight to a person, no offence to his dignity, to be told by any particular firm that it has no need for his services or that it cannot offer him a better job. It is true that in periods of prolonged mass unemployment the effect on many may be very similar.

This assumption that the self-interest of the employer in practice *amounts* to benevolence is well set-off by another passage of Hayek's where he says that:

> What our generation has forgotten is that the system of private property is the most important guarantee of freedom, not only for those who own property, but scarcely less for those who do not.

Scarcely. It would be tempting to observe how many people have been robbed of private property by the very process of capitalist accumulation – individual holdings are among the many things which it does not hold sacred. But on with the play.

THE SAME SORT of fantasy occurs in Friedman, in very much the same form of words. In order to demonstrate that capitalism is a necessary if not sufficient condition for political freedom, he is forced to make a Utopia out of the labour market as well. He argues:

> In the complex enterprise and money-exchange economy, cooperation is strictly individual and voluntary *provided*: (a) that enterprises are private, so that the ultimate contracting parties are individuals and (b) that individuals are effectively free to enter or not to enter into any particular exchange, *so that every transaction is strictly voluntary*. (italics added)

Condition (a) is trite and unobjectionable enough, though it bears a dubious relationship to reality in the age of the giant and transnational corporation. Friedman here is simply assuming what he has yet to prove. Condition (b) is amplified in the same work (*Capitalism and Freedom*) to mean that:

> The consumer is protected from coercion by the seller because of the presence of other sellers with whom he can deal . . . The employee is protected from coercion by the employer because of other employers for whom he can work.

So there you have it – as you do have it, bastardised and often, in Mrs Thatcher's account of social mobility. It never occurs to Friedman to note that in capitalism, unlike previous economies of private property, there exists a large labouring force with no initial capital or property of its own and therefore *absolutely no choice* about whether or not it should put itself on the market. One stresses 'choice' because Friedman himself postulates that without it there must be coercion.

In fact, the heroes of the resurgent Right never do seem to be all that clear about democracy and freedom. In their attempt to take economics out of politics, and allow workers and consumers a 'look but don't touch' relationship to the beauties of the market mechanism, they forget that democracy must be able to exert pressure on the way in which resources are allocated.

FRIEDMAN DISMISSES consumer watchdogs and other interest groups in the most peremptory imaginable way, with the revealing phrase: 'A preoccupation with business responsibility is the first betrayal of capitalism.' Hayek, as usual, is more gnomic. He opines, in *The Road to Serfdom*:

> We must not deceive ourselves into believing that all good people must be democrats or will necessarily wish to have a share in the government. Many, no doubt, would rather entrust it to somebody whom they think more competent. Although this might be unwise, there is nothing bad or dishonourable in approving a dictatorship of the good.

In this breathtaking proposition, it can be left for one of Hayek's acolytes to determine whether he means what he says. What can be asserted in the meantime is that whether 'good people' would 'rather' or not, a market system does require that they abdicate all

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kinds of participation. This cannot always be secured by what reactionaries call 'kid glove methods'. The Right are very fond of arguing that 'socialist states' (irrespective of the historical conditions which saw their emergence) are always marked by intolerable state power.

Do they ever pause to reflect on the amount of liberty available under unfettered capitalism, either historically or today? Some of the 'sound money' dictatorships are not even composed of very 'good' men. Perhaps human nature is just not good enough for monetarism yet?

If Hayek and Friedman are hopelessly flawed in their vision of what an open society really is, what are we to make of their inheritors? The Institute of Economic Affairs recently challenged us to review their latest anthology of conservative thought, boldly inscribed *The Coming Confrontation. Will the Open Society Survive to 1989?* (Hobart £2.50). It is tempting, given the Right's current claim (supported by a bilious *Times* editorial) to have 'all the new ideas', to start with Professor Ivor Pearce's contribution to this treasury of modern thought, which maintains:

> The course of human history is not guided by new ideas, for there are none . . . But this is not a matter for despair. Rather it is a cause for wonder at the magic of a providential arrangement which, despite the best efforts of unthinking idealists to change it, continues to preserve for ever both the opportunity to exercise the virtues of charity and the stimulus to avoid the sin of sloth.

The apple of discord is, by this assertion, lobbed right amongst the IEA cast. Professor Pearce's mysticism is beyond doubt a large ingredient in the make-up of reaction generally, but there will always be those (like Professor W. H. Chaloner in the same volume) who assert, with Locke, that man has a 'natural right' to property. How does this sit with Professor Pearce's view that nobody has a natural right to anything? In such unsorted and ill-edited company, Professor Hayek's brief contribution actually lends tone. His essay ('Will the Democratic Ideal Prevail?') is a modest plea for the separation of powers, and a division of authority between two independent democratic assemblies, without which:

> The public loss of faith in the ideal of democracy itself will continue to evaporate.

Presumably he doesn't suggest that the loss of faith will continue to evaporate, so one sees what he means. Separation of powers is hardly a 'new idea', and where it is practised (most noticeably in the United States) it has not of itself overcome the complexities of the modern political system, let alone the world of economic life.

The collection is lightened by a contribution from HRH The Duke of Edinburgh, who obviously has a speechwriter able to coach him as far as a tolerably articulate Royal Navy officer, vintage about 1950. A breath of the modern world is supplied, as so often in these cases, by resort to a ringing exhortatory extract from the Ayatollah Solzhenitsyn.

The New Right in general set great store by their claim to have exploded Keynes. Professor Pearce shows best in this volume how the trick is done. Taking the *General Theory* up as if it had just been sent to him for review (and not published in 1935) Professor Pearce shakes it like a rat. Indeed, as in his earlier contribution, he makes it clear that the truths of economic organisation are *extremely simple* – as well as being immutable. He says:

> Only if producers produce more can real incomes and hence real spending rise . . . It is simply and obviously a matter of fact.

Keynes, implies Pearce, believes no such thing. In the *General Theory* he actually suggests that unemployment might be alleviated by burying money in bottles and getting the jobless to dig them up – even allowing them to spend the money so obtained. Pearce, deaf to irony, plunges in.

> Digging up bottles produces no goods to buy. . . . There must be too much money chasing too few goods. Inflation will occur. . . .

If Keynes had written as Pearce alleges, it would be a very serious matter. But in Chapter Eight of the *General Theory* (p.104) he says:

> We cannot, as a community, provide for future consumption by financial expedients but only by current physical output.

Even the IEA could hardly ask for more than that. What Keynes did say, in a comment on the orthodoxy of his time (now renascent at the IEA) was that in the depths of a slump:

> Pyramid-building, earthquakes, even wars may serve to increase wealth, if the education of our statesmen on the principles of the classical economics stands in the way of anything better.

HE WAS WRITING at a time when American GNP had been *halved*, and Britain had unemployment equivalent to four million in today's terms. The Treasury view was that it would not only be wrong for the state to create more employment, but actually *impossible*. Keynes found it curious that in such a situation respectable people preferred wholly wasteful loan expenditure to expenditure which was partially wasteful: i.e. they would pay to keep the unemployed in idleness but not to engage them in public works. He commented:

> If the Treasury were to fill old bottles with banknotes, bury them . . . and leave it to private enterprise on well-tried principles of *laissez-faire* to dig the notes up again . . . there need be no more unemployment and the real income of the community would probably become a good deal greater than it actually is.

Given Pearce's conviction that new ideas never emerge, his inability to give a tolerable account of his opponent's case becomes sadly unavoidable. It is the shared inabilty of the New Right: confronted with socialism they produce, not a critique, but a set of uncom-

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prehending caricatures, labelled 'the politics of envy', or whatever. Substituting hero-worship for thought, they are apt to claim the wrong allies, or the right allies at the wrong moment, or simply fail to distinguish the moment when the relentless march of Hayek's logic advances him into a swamp of gibberish.

They are eager to claim Sir Karl Popper as a member of their team – understandably enough, for it needs a touch of class. But they fail to notice that Popper makes a poor team-mate for Hayek: indeed, Popper's method can be used to reduce to rubble most of Hayek's *Constitution of Liberty*, much trusted on the right as the *summa* of human thought. This states, notably:

> If there were omniscient men, if we could know not only all that affects the attainment of our present wishes, but also our future wants and desires, there would be little case for liberty.

The statement is that of a man rooted in determinism: notoriously, Laplace believed in the possibility of a knowledge so complete as render the future inevitable, but he had the valid excuse of having lived alongside Napoleon, before quantum physics made it impossible to conceive a universe with such predictable machinery. It naturally follows from Hayek's original misapprehension that the growth of knowledge is destructive of liberty: a horrendous conclusion, which he avoids in the *Constitution* by declaring that in human affairs the future is fortuitous:

> . . . the advance and even the preservation of civilisation are dependent upon a maximum of opportunity for accidents to happen.

Human progress he therefore regards as meaningless: mere movement for its own sake. Such a set of beliefs, going well beyond the pluralist case which bases itself on proofs of the limitation of human knowledge, can only be sustained by declaring that the social sciences are quite unlike the natural sciences (which are admittedly mysterious in some respects, but which do find meaning in the world, and certainly depend on something more than maximising accidents). Hayek achieves the feat by misunderstanding the nature of natural science, saying that a physicist transferring to social science would find himself dealing with very different 'laws':

> . . . they would, because of his limited knowledge of the data of the complex situation, scarcely ever enable him to predict the precise outcome of a particular situation; and he could never verify them by controlled experiment – although they might be *disproved* by the observation of events which according to his theory are impossible. (*Scientism and the Study of Society*, 1942).

That, of course, is a very reasonable version of Popper's famous – widely-accepted, and very credible – account of how natural scientists actually *do* work, and represents a total, if unwitting admission of Popper's central thesis that social science and natural science proceed in exactly the same way. Hayek admitted this in 1967: unfortunately, he had already excogitated the *Constitution of Liberty* by then (1959).

But the blunders of the New Right generally occur at a cruder level: as when Sir Keith Joseph, in *Reversing the Trend*, attempts to make use of Joseph Schumpeter, an author (*Capitalism, Socialism & Democracy*) well outside his competence-range. 'It was Schumpeter', Joseph declares, 'who said that free enterprise would die only because it would by its very success lack defenders.' Now there are in *C, S & D* many passages which it would be appropriate for Sir Keith to quote in support of this, but Schumpeter is a tricky author, and the one to which Joseph directs us (with much show of learning, via Footnote 11) is not among them. It reads:

> The flow of unearned income – of rent, interest and profits – is the root evil of capitalism; it represents the toll laid upon the workers by the owners of capital . . . the existence of unearned income is wrong in itself irrespective of how it is distributed.

Quite so, Comrade Keith, quite so.

RUSSIA
Olga Semyonova

The Ukrainian miner who has struggled for workers' rights for 20 years

Vladimir Aleksandrovich Klebanov.

The Free Trade Union Association of the Soviet Working People is the first independent workers' organisation in Russia since the twenties. Its members are relentlessly persecuted by the agents of the Soviet bureaucracy. The leader of the movement is Vladimir Aleksandrovich Klebanov, a mining engineer from the Ukraine. This profile of him is written by Olga Semyonova, whose book* on the new opposition is published this week.

KLEBANOV HAS BEEN through a lot. Since 1968 he has been dragged from prison to psychiatric hospital and from psychiatric hospital back again to prison. He is now being held for the second time in the notorious Dnepropetrovsk Special Psychiatric Hospital. Leonid Plyushch was there from 1973-76:

> Most of the inhabitants of the Dnepropetrovsk Special Psychiatric Hospital are mentally deranged – murderers, rapists, hooligans. There are about 60 political prisoners, in general mentally healthy people . . . The horror of the madhouse gripped me from the start. In the ward there were more patients than beds. I was put as the third person on two beds that had been pushed together. One man's tongue was lolling out, another man was rolling his eyes, a third walked around unnaturally bent over. Some lay and groaned with the pain – they had been given injections of sulphur. As they explained to me, they were being punished for bad behaviour.

Plyushch was there for his dissident views. But Klebanov is not an intellectual, not a dissident, not an opponent of the Soviet regime. He is there for being a trade union organiser who took his job seriously.

Klebanov is a miner. He comes from the Donbas in the southern Ukraine. The Donbas coalfield is the most important in the Soviet Union: 300,000 miners work there. Klebanov's home town, Makeyevka, has 15 mines, producing 15 million tons of coal a year. The first great mines, Sofia and Ivan, were built in the 1880's; the first great strikes took place there in 1892. In 1905 the miners of Makeyevka fought cossack troops with pickaxes and sabres. In 1917 it was one of the first places in the Ukraine to have its own Soviet.

Klebanov was thus continuing a long tradition of militancy when, in 1958, as a trade union organiser, and later a foreman, he began to speak out against 'gross violations of the Labour Code' at Makeyevka mine. He says:

> I demanded correct wage payments and in particular, an end to the concealment of industrial injuries in official reports; the correct definition of invalid categories and proper compensation for miners who suffered injuries through the fault of the management. It demanded the prosecution of the criminals who steal valuable materials – men in important industrial and Soviet positions – an end to bribery, the incorrect allocation of the housing fund and so on. [For ten years I was] the instigator of collective complaints and collected the workers' signatures.

The journal *Coal of the Ukraine*, the official organ of the Ukrainian Ministry of Mines, gives ample grounds for supporting Klebanov's claim. The ministers and party officials themselves admit that the level of mechanisation is low and that safety precautions are inadequate. At a conference in 1968 the deputy minister admitted 'there are many mines in the Ukraine where the battle against injury has been relaxed', where there was 'failure to observe the safety code', where 'machines are put to work in a dangerous state of disrepair'. A survey in 1978 was to reveal that 65% of the deeper mines in the Donbas were 'highly dangerous' and recommended the introduction of degassing techniques adopted in the West in 1943.

Throughout the late sixties and seventies, conferences called on leading workers to take the initiative in prompting better working conditions. Klebanov did and discovered that his efforts were not welcomed by the profit-conscious management. From 1958 they 'systematically victimised me – they tried to dismiss me several times for no reason, they wrote slanderous reports about me to the KGB'. In November 1959 he was injured in the face. 'The management pretended it was an unlucky accident and not their fault. Despite the fact that my sight was considerably impaired, I was forced to work underground.' He continued to complain about *malpractices at the mine. In 1965 the* Department of Heavy Industry substantiate his complaints, but nothing was done. Meanwhile, the management had got a court ruling:

> Klebanov has a mental illness which takes the form of paranoia . . . This is why as a worker in the mines he has been making complaints since as long ago as 1958 and saying that the management has been cheating workers of their pay.

In January 1965, he was sacked. He was out of work for nearly three years. In March 1967 he got a psychiatrist to invalidate the diagnosis of paranoia and in December he was given surface work.

Klebanov had won the first round. But in 1968 trouble broke out at the mine. For three years in a row Makeyevka-Coal had won 'Lenin's banner' for the huge profits they made. They achieved this by 'the concentration and intensification of labour' – by cutting

**Workers against the Gulag* – The new opposition in the Soviet Union, edited by Viktor Haynes and Olga Semyonova, Pluto Press, £1.95.

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corners and hammering the workforce. This coincided with 'a new system of planning and economic stimulation' and a new method of pricing coal, which almost certainly affected the way the workers' wages were calculated (all Soviet workers work on a piece-rate system). The result was a semi-uprising at the mine in which Klebanov seems to have played a leading role. On 12 September he was arrested, charged with 'slandering the Soviet state' and thrown into Donetsk prison. In the repression that followed hundreds of miners were transferred to other pits; some were made to work in such terrible conditions that they were forced to give up mining.

KLEBANOV SPENT 1968-73 in eight different prisons and psychiatric hospitals. On the first day of his arrest he started a hunger strike. He was transferred to an isolation cell in the basement. His blanket and mattress cover were removed. 'There was no glass in the window. It was damp. The cold rose up to my ears. The late September wind blew in. On the second day I was beaten . . . by a junior lieutenant of the MVD (Ministry of Internal Affairs) who first shackled my hands and feet, then threw me on the ground and began to kick me.' They tried to persuade him to eat by installing in his cell a thief who had been on a long hunger strike. 'He looked terrible. A skeleton . . . we see such men only in films about the German concentration camps.'

After 20 days Klebanov was shackled and force fed through a rubber tube which permanently damaged his nose. He finally gave up his hunger strike because 'no-one knew about it'. In February 1969 he was taken to Dnepropetrovsk Special Psychiatric Hospital. On the way the orderlies robbed him. They told him that he would not need his possessions any more: 'you won't come out of there alive.' 'The psychiatrists' job was to beat out of my head what was socially dangerous . . . as a trade union organiser I came out with criticisms of the management. This was "undermining their authority".'

In Dnepropetrovsk Klebanov didn't stop fighting. He demanded a pension for his family. His wife was told she could have it on one condition: agree that her husband was mentally ill, otherwise it would be starvation and total destitution. Finally, in June 1973, the Supreme Court of the Ukraine ordered Klebanov's release. But this was by no means the end of his troubles. When he tried to get work he was told either 'you're mad' or 'there are no vacant posts.' 'Not one enterprise will have me because they've written in my Labour Book "dismissed in connection with arrest".' Eventually in 1975 he managed to get partial compensation from the management but was still refused work and took his case to Moscow.

There, no-one would listen to him. But in the waiting rooms of the highest government and party institutions Klebanov discovered that he was not alone. The long queues were made up of 'honest workers of the Soviet society', like him 'thrown outside the factory gates' for daring to complain. On his initiative, a group of them got together and began to organise collective petitions:

> We are Soviet citizens from various towns of the Soviet Union – united in bitterness. We have been . . . sacked and left without means of livelihood . . . for speaking out against wasters of socialist property, poor working conditions, low pay, high rates of injury at work, speed-up and increased output norms . . . the continuous rise in the price of basic necessities and foodstuffs . . . the only response we get to our requests is continuous persecution . . . a dog would not have borne the kind of humiliation and derision that we have suffered.

Alexander Podrabinek, an ambulance driver, being arrested in Moscow in April 1977. He was later sentenced to five years internal exile for writing a book on psychiatric abuse.

On 1 February 1978, they issued the statutes of the Free Trade Union Association of the Soviet Working People. It was open to any worker, skilled or unskilled, from any branch of industry, so long as 'his rights and interests have been illegally flouted'. The Soviet government insists that it is not a proper trade union: first, because the interests of Soviet workers are already sufficiently defended by the existing trade unions and secondly because it doesn't organise workers in a specific industry. But what is a trade union? If it is an organisation that fights for workers' rights then the FTU is the only trade union in the Soviet Union. The members of the FTU say 'in our country there is no organ which objectively defends the workers' interests. Soviet trade unions do not defend our rights, they have been merged into one organisation subordinated to the Party and Government'. The head of the Soviet trade unions is appointed by the government. The last one, Aleksandr Shelepin, was previously Chairman of the KGB. His successor is Shibaev, previously First Secretary of the Saratov Regional Party Committee. On a lower level, even the managers are trade union members. The factory committees are chosen by the management, not by the workers. The collective agreements between management and trade unions only provide for joint action in disciplining the workforce to make sure the plan is fulfilled on time.

The government acted immediately against the FTU petitioners: Klebanov was arrested for 'bombing the Moscow Metro' and thrown into psychiatric hospital. When the other members of the FTU got him out the KGB tried to arrest him and two others, but in the fight that followed their comrades managed, with the help of passers-by, to prevent the arrest. On 7 February 1978 Klebanov was at last caught. In May he was sent back to Dnepropetrovsk after a secret trial. There has been no news of him since.

Klebanov has been fighting the Soviet authorities for 20 years. He has not been fighting against the Soviet system, but for the enforcement of its laws, and the punishment of those officials who pervert them. They have thrown him in prison, thrown him in psychiatric hospital, persecuted his family and refused him work – but still he won't give in. He is naïve perhaps, but brave, honest and incredibly stubborn. This is why the Soviet government is afraid of him. Now that the International Labour Organisation are pressing his case, the Soviet government is hurling at him every epithet that comes to hand, calling him a drunkard, a Jew, a womaniser, a thief, and in particular, a madman. Klebanov has, of course, been shaken by his experiences, 'he is slightly over-excited and emotionally strained.' But Aleksandr Voloshanovich, the official Soviet psychiatrist who examined him in January 1978, concluded:

> Both now and in the period when he was charged with breaking the law, he was conscious of his actions, and in full control of them. He is responsible for his actions.

Klebanov is sane. He is an ordinary Soviet worker, just braver than most. As he says: 'I didn't want this, but I was dragged into it. I would like to work and live normally. I've had no choice.'

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PAKISTAN
Tariq Ali

Bhutto's death has sealed the fate of Zia and his generals

A chance for the Mark Antonys

THE PAKISTANI ruling class is a motley amalgam of big landlords, *nouveau riche* capitalists, import/export merchants and millionaire smugglers. Its development has been aborted by its continued inability to mould a political instrument which could defend its interests. It has openly envied its Indian equivalent, which developed a sophisticated weapon in the shape of the Indian Congress. Ever since Pakistan was formed in 1947 its ruling classes have been forced to rely on the civil service and the army for maintaining its rule.

As one writes there are reports coming in of violent explosions in all the major cities: strikes, barricades, demonstrations, clashes with the police are taking place. Five divisions of the Army are reported to be 'on alert' in the Sindhi countryside. As the Pakistani ruling class takes stock, even its most ardent apologists must see that the balance-sheet of the country's first 32 years is an utter and complete disaster: three military dictatorships, two costly wars, the secession of Bangladesh and now the judicial murder of the country's last elected Prime Minister. The dominant theme in the political salons of Karachi, Lahore and Rawalpindi is the 'disintegration of Pakistan'. Not if, but when. The mood is cynical and pessimistic and bets are being placed as to which of the country's three minority nationalities – Sindhi, Baluchi or Pathan – will start the ball rolling.

Why then did the Generals execute Bhutto at a time when the very existence of the country is at stake? There are three basic reasons. The first is that, contrary to the Western press, there was no *real* international pressure on Zia not to hang Bhutto. The messages from Carter, Callaghan and King Khalid were designed essentially for cosmetic purposes. The Pentagon/CIA network and the Saudis could have averted the execution by threatening Zia with real sanctions. Western pressure had after all, succeeded in preventing the execution of the Bangladesh leader Mujibur Rahman when he was prisoner in Pakistan. He was accused of 'high treason', but was released and flown from Karachi to Dacca via London in a plane despatched by the Labour Government!

There was no real concerted effort to force Zia to hold back as far as Bhutto was concerned. The United States probably felt that a military government was a better medium-term bet especially given developments in neighbouring Iran and Afghanistan. Secondly the Generals were aware that Bhutto's long imprisonment and trial had revitalised popular support for him throughout the country. In any election his People's Party would be returned to office. It was unlikely that Bhutto would have forgotten the humiliation inflicted on him by the Army. Their own futures were at stake. Thirdly Bhutto remained the only politician in the country with a populist touch. Sections of big business were genuinely concerned that a new electoral victory could upset the class peace, currently enforced at bayonet point by the Army. So they hanged him under cover of darkness, improvised a hasty burial and now hope that the public protest will die a natural death.

The execution was announced blandly the next morning by the government-controlled media. There was a series of spontaneous anti-military demonstrations in Rawalpindi, Lahore and Karachi. Wailing women openly taunted soldiers and policemen and shrieked for revenge. In a country where the army has governed the country longer than any political party there are bound to be divisions within its ranks. A number of senior military officers opposed to the hanging have reportedly been dismissed.

The influential head of the Armoured Corps, General Rafi Alam, has been exiled to the border post of Sialkot and placed at the head of an infantry division. Alam was opposed to the execution and the 'Islamic punishments' institutionalised by Zia. But Zia has a short, uneasy future ahead of him. Whether he is toppled by military coup or removed by mass upheavals is not clear. What is obvious is that in reality he has signed his own death warrant. Few will mourn his passing in Pakistan.

But has the Pakistani state any future at all? The overwhelming majority of the people live in conditions of unrelieved poverty. Bhutto's five year spell as President and Prime Minister created a petty bourgeoisie which thrived on patronage and black marketing. The living conditions of peasants and workers did not improve.

Bhutto had promised 'Food, Clothing and Shelter' in his electioneering in 1970. Some years later, when reminded of this pledge by disillusioned supporters, he remarked: 'I never said that we could give food, clothing and shelter to everyone.' Bhutto was remarkably similar to Juan Peron. He had real support among the urban and rural poor. His reforms could not meet their expectations, which he himself had aroused. He resorted to selective repression. But he was disliked by the more traditional sections of the ruling class. They resented his familiarity with the masses. They loathed his demagogy. In their eyes his biggest crime was that he had encouraged the poor to demand their rights. For this they never forgave him. And this is precisely for what he will be remembered by the toilers in town and countryside. His death will provide him with a halo of martyrdom which the gaggle of Mark Antonys of his Pakistan People's Party will attempt to exploit in the coming months.

PAKISTAN'S FIRST LEADER was Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Trained at Lincoln's Inn, he was a suave and cultured barrister, an agnostic who believed deeply in secularism. Pakistan under the Generals is the worst it has ever been. The Army has received its strongest support from the semi-fascist, obscurantist Jamaat-i-Islami. This clerico-military combination is attempting to transform the state into a confessional monstrosity. A debate currently preoccupying the regime's ideologues is whether a thief's hand should be severed at the wrist or whether justice could be done simply by chopping off the fingers. The 'doves' argue that without a hand the thief will not be able to pray. The 'hawks' maintain that if you merely remove the fingers the thief could steal again. And we are only two decades away from the 21st century!

The Jamat-i-Islami was founded in 1941 by Maulana Abul-Ala Maududi. Its aim was to oppose the secular nationalism of the Deoband group of Muslims, who were radical anti-imperialists and opposed to separatism. Maududi has been a confidant of the Saudi Royal Family for many decades. Ironically enough he was sentenced to death in 1953 for fomenting religious riots which led to the deaths of dozens of people. The sentence was commuted. Maududi and his band of fanatics are the staunchest supporters of the execution. The Cabinet Ministers belonging to their party publicly backed Zia. It is the Jamaat's theoreticians who have drafted the new Islamic laws which the Army is intending to apply. In this fashion the old polemic between Maududi and the radical Muslims has finally come home to roost.

One of the radical Muslim leaders – a sub-continental Camillo Torres – wrote the following lines against Maududi four decades ago:

> When religion becomes the backbone of reaction and anti-progressive forces seek refuge under its cloak, when religion becomes only a farce of particular dogmas and ceremonies and its inborn spirit of revolutionary change is dead, then such a religion becomes only a tool for perpetrating all the sins of injustice.
>
> When religion as the dominant creed of a particular society loses its fervour and revolutionary spirit of changing itself and others, then to vest such a religion with governmental powers is equivalent to placing dangerous authority in the hands of Reaction to be ultimately used against the people.

The name of the author was Maulana Obeidulla Sindhi. The history of Pakistan has amply vindicated him.

THE LAST ten years have seen major changes in the South Asian sub-continent. In Pakistan and Bangladesh the two populist leaders, Bhutto and Mujib, are dead, killed by the Army. Astronomers will no doubt also comment on the fact that the dictators in both states are Generals bearing the same name. In India and Ceylon the women who ran their countries along similar lines (States of Emergency, widespread repression) have been removed through the ballot box. And yet, in all four states, the conditions of the overwhelming majority of the people have worsened. They, at any rate, have little time to muse on the ironies of the historical process.

Pakistan is the weakest link in the sub-continent today. Its future appears uncertain. Zia and the claque of generals and politicains who run the country today will clearly not last long. They have sealed their own fate by killing Bhutto. But unless the people who replace them undertake gigantic social and economic transformation of the country they will go the same way. Pakistan was founded as a separate Muslim state by a Westernised agnostic. It could well be brought down by an imbecilical Muslim fanatic. In which case, as they say, history will have had the last laugh.

Tariq Ali is the author of *Pakistan: Military Rule or People's Power*, Cape, 1969.

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SOUTHEAST ASIA
Jean Pierre Gallois

Counting the cost of Pol Pot's experiment

Inside the silent city

CAMBODIANS who have returned to this broken city feel they have been abandoned by the non-Communist world. They can scarcely believe that Western countries still recognise the Pol Pot regime. In Chrange Chamreh village at the gate of Phnom Penh, I heard the same question again and again: 'What are France and the United States doing?' Every night, the villagers listen to Western broadcasts, hoping for a reply.

The Cambodia that survived Pol Pot is like a dismembered body trying to return to life. Its economy is shattered, its communications severed. Millions of acres of rice paddies have been abandoned. A whole population of refugees is returning along pitted roads and highways, assembling in the suburbs of empty and dilapidated cities.

In Phnom Penh itself, there is no drinking water, no post or telephone, no transport, no registry office, no money, no markets. There are hardly any schools, medical dispensaries or electricity. Only some 3,000 officials and their families have so far been allowed to return. The city is so silent that birdsong has a sinister ring to it. Paradoxically, it is almost comforting to hear gunshots fired by army recruits in training: at least that's a sign of human life. This eerie atmosphere is sometimes broken by a house bursting into flames as the electricity supply returns.

Inside the buildings, there are signs of chaos. Some rooms are quite bare while others are crammed to the ceiling with goods of all kinds, from furniture to stethoscopes, empty bottles, piping and television tubes. Factories, public buildings and the railway station have a deathly air about them. Only the Ministry of Defence is back in use, flying the flag of the Kampuchea National United Front for National Salvation (KNUFNS).

Many streets are barricaded off. The occasional presence of an official or military vehicle only emphasises the emptiness of the main thoroughfares. The lawns outside the Royal Palace are freshly mown and the inside appears to be undamaged. The Hotel Royal, which as the Hotel Phnom was used by the guests of Premier Pol Pot, carries on stoically. Nearby, the Pochentong airport is lifeless, save for a few military transport planes and pieces of artillery lined up on the tarmac, and a few sleepy soldiers. Half a mile away, the wreckage of the Pochentong pagoda lies among craters gouged by bombs and shells. On the road a few dozen people haul carts. Opposite what used to be the Pochentong market – which was flattened by the Khmer Rouge to make way for a palm grove – stand a score of 105 and 130mm guns.

THE PEOPLE NOW LIVING in Phnom Penh survive like nomads, by eating roots, wild fruit, leaves, fish, and sometimes rice and flour distributed by the authorities. The army, like the government, appears more a symbol than a reality. There are three Vietnamese advisers for every Cambodian official, ten Vietnamese military personnel for every Cambodian soldier. In the provinces of Svay Rieng and Prey Veng, the whole military and administrative structure seems to rest on the shoulders of the Vietnamese army. But in spite of the presence of the Vietnamese, the new government has no effective political control of the country and cannot guarantee the security of its citizens throughout the territory.

Phnom Penh officially admits that all the south west of the country lies beyond its administration, and that the situation is only secure in the capital itself and in the provinces east of the Mekong. The region bordering Thailand lies completely outside its control. The coastline and borders adjoining Laos and Vietnam come under the supervision of the Vietnamese army. At the border control post on the highway linking Phnom Penh to Saigon, only the Vietnamese flag is flying.

The real extent of Vietnam's involvement in Cambodia is still not clear. Nor is the relative strength of the Cambodian People's Army, compared with the remaining Khmer Rouge guerrillas. Several months ago, the Vietnamese authorities set up a bureau in Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon), under the supervision of politbureau member Le Duc Tho, to co-ordinate aid to Cambodia: this suggests that substantial numbers are involved, but a Vietnamese source has hinted that fewer than 100,000 Vietnamese troops have been stationed in Cambodia at any one time, and that some troops have recently been sent home. As for the Khmer Rouge army, a well-informed Cambodian source said they numbered 'several thousand people scattered throughout the mountains and forests'.

Questioned about the strength of the new people's army, General Kheng Sarin, Commander of the First Division, simply said: 'I couldn't tell you.' He even refused to disclose the number of men in his own Division. Cambodian leaders appeared embarrassed when asked how they arrived at their official estimate of 'three million dead'. Among the dozens of people I interviewed inside the country, only two (one of them a former Khmer Rouge soldier) claimed to have witnessed 'massacres' of civilians. Most of the others could only say that family and friends had disappeared, for reasons they could not explain. All affirmed that acquaintances had died from illness and exhaustion. On the basis of evidence such as this, it is hard to confirm or deny official statements.

CITY DWELLERS returning home are still grouped outside the towns, waiting to be allowed in. The official explanation is that normal conditions of life and work must be restored first. Perhaps a need for security is the main motive – but town dwellers are united in their loathing for Pol Pot and are unlikely to harbour Khmer Rouge agents. It seems, in any case, that neither the new Cambodian authorities, nor their Vietnamese allies are at present willing to give these returning refugees a responsibility in running the country's affairs. The Vietnamese undoubtedly hope that future Cambodian administrators will have the right political affiliations, and will not just be recruited from anywhere.

None of these refugees are from the far western provinces, which suggests that these regions have not yet been liberated, or that it is not yet safe enough for the people there to journey back overland.

A formidable task of reconstruction lies ahead – and everything is urgent. The population must be resettled; the remnants of Pol Pot's forces must be destroyed; agriculture must be revived and the economy rebuilt. The first two projects are underway, but they are far from complete and their urgency has so far prevented the rebuilding of the economy and the planting of the rice crop. By allowing the people to return home to the towns, officials have had to leave the rice paddies unplanted. During a week's visit, I saw only *one* planted field. Phnom Penh has had to forget all about the spring harvest and hopes the winter one will not fail.

How long will it be before Cambodia can operate again as a complete nation? A Vietnamese source told me that Hanoi wants to 'hand over the keys' as soon as possible, for political and economic reasons. However, it was stressed that this would only happen when the country had been restabilised. The winter harvest will be a crucial factor, but it has been pointed out that diplomatic developments will also affect Cambodia's future.

Jean Pierre Gallois was one of the first Western journalists to visit Phnom Penh after the fall of the Khmer Rouge. He is a correspondent of *Agence France Press*. This is his first report to be published in the British press.

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MAGNUM BOOKS

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London Diary

☐ No one exactly welcomes the spread of the 'social diseases'. But the growing incidence and intractability of VD has had at least one good effect: clinics are getting more human. A friend turned up at the Royal Free Hospital last week, complete with false name. A crossword addict, he announced himself as Leon Mecha.* 'What an interesting name, do you pronounce it Meatcher or Mecca?' the receptionist asked. 'It's never really mattered', he replied desperately, before joining the five other men in the waiting-room, all wearing large newspapers and pretending not to be there. 'Could I ask for a volunteer?' the receptionist boomed. No-one moved. 'I would like an exceptionally *strong* volunteer', she persisted. Mr friend, a gentleman, eventually proffered help, in fear and trembling. 'Please', she said, 'could you pull my boots off? I only bought them this morning, and they're killing me.'

☐ People continue to bitch about Richard Crossman, the posthumously-abused diarist: violent reactions have been touched off by Anthony Howard's newly-published edition of Crossman's record, a highly readable one-volume made out of what was originally three million words. Howard lays himself open to the same accusation that was laid against Crossman, of making money by betraying the inner workings of Our Great Democracy.

Was another edition necessary? 'Dick asked me to do a popular version when he knew he was dying. So I did', Tony says. 'I liked and admired him. Of course he was awful and a bully, but wonderfully energising. Intellectually he was an aristocrat, and always looked on me as a bit of a middlebrow. Eventually, what I realised was that he wanted me to shout back at him. I got my own way in the end by adopting an attitude of weary resignation. He was very rude about people, but he nearly always got them right.'

Why does the mention of Crossman still arouse such ire? People were resentful, says Tony, 'because his mind worked so fast. At the National Executive, people would nod their heads obediently to his arguments, then Dick would turn round and say: "Now I'll tell your why what I've just said is all rubbish". Mediocre people just couldn't tolerate that combination of intellect and popular appeal.'

☐ Following complaints to the NEW STATESMAN about my alleged anti-gay tendencies, I am happy to redress the balance by celebrating the first report issued by Gay Switchboard. Since the start of 1974, the number of calls per year has increased from 16,000 to well over 120,000. Dudley Cave of Gay Switchboard says that under 'Miscellaneous' last year there were many rough categories: Hoax, 30 per cent; Silent, 25 per cent; Abuse ten per cent, and so on. The hoax calls are nearly all along the lines of: 'Can I speak to Mr Gay or Mr Bender.' But 'you never laugh at anyone', says Cave. 'You can't afford to. It might be someone in Wales who can't find a mate – "not a pin for miles", you tell him'. It seems that they have the gay scene mapped out with military precision, and numerous pins. 'Or it might be a young wife, with a child, who has just discovered that her husband is having a homosexual affair. We don't discriminate.'

☐ Those on the mailing-list of the Royal Opera House have been enlivened lately by the receipt of a pamphlet confected jointly with Lufthansa. In order to win the Opera Weekend Competition (prize: weekend flight for two, with tickets to *Parsifal*, by 'Richard Wagner, one of Germany's leading composers') you fill in a map showing those German cities which both have an opera house and receive Lufthansa flights. You then have to say, in not more than 30 words, why you like going to Germany. I got a cartographer onto it (Bremen, Hamburg and one or two others) and added the slogan: 'Because they are the Master Race'. I expect my tickets by return of post.

☐ Lufthansa have a tendency to miscue their strokes of image-building. A few years ago, when they brought out a new stewardesses' uniform, they advertised it in New York (of all places) with the line: 'At last, a German uniform you'll be pleased to have around.'

☐ Micro-technology, alas, proceeds apace. Possibly aware of my musical deficiencies, a firm called Pulse Designs have sent me a Metrotone Tempo-Check, 'the world's first portable digital electronic metronome.' Not only does it tick, and give a visual digital display in case you're deaf: it has a 12-note octave pitch register. It can give an accented beat at the beginning of each bar. Terrified by all this, I hit on a medical idea: the thing could be used in intensive-care units. *Presto*, at 200 beats a minute, presages ventricular fibrillation. Forty beats a minute, reasonably labelled *Grave* could signify hypothermia and imminent death. It is well known that heart patients taken into intensive-care units are apt to die of shock at the sight of all the electronic equipment monitoring cardia irregularities. Why not install the Tempo-Check, set at *Andante-Moderato* (about 72 a minute) and give the patient reassurance, however spurious? 'Absolutely unethical' said the British Heart Foundation. So, unless it can be taken over for regulating the striking-rate in next year's Boat Race, I shall just have to face the unnerving prospect of using it as a metronome.

☐ I applaud the political acuity of the *Daily Mail*. Its front page the other day reported a National Opinion Poll finding that Mrs Thatcher was losing some of her support, and added that the poll 'suggested that the next four weeks would decide who is going to win'.

☐ George Wyllie, whose exhibition of sculpture opened this week at the Workshop in Lamb's Conduit Street, is an example of that rare breed, the Amiable Scot. Even after a few jars he remains polite to Sassenachs, and avoids grinding broken bottles into them. The only thing he gets vicious about is the Still Life, a concept which his work attempts to destroy. Loathing, as I do, the visual arts, I came out of his Edinburgh Festival exhibition last year actually smiling. There was a self-flagellation machine with a Union Jack fluttering on top; an iron crocodile that you could set off down a ramp, at the end of which it swallowed-up a still-life tray and glasses; and a shark with a foot in its mouth. The caption read: 'The shark he is a vicious brute, his mouth extends about a foot' (Scottish accent). Surrealism extends into his personal life. At the opening of a new fish restaurant in Edinburgh, decked with place green lighting and fish-tanks, he complained that the place lacked true under-water atmosphere. Next day, the fish-tanks burst and flooded the place.

☐ R. D. Laing, who believes that everybody is mad except the insane, appears on the cover of a lavish brochure announcing this week's World Symposium on Humanity, 'a historic teleconference on global issues, via Interactive Video Satellite Program', run by a body called the Humanity Foundation. The brochure itself reads like a parody, stating that the aim of the conference is to 'give depth to the idea that the ways in which any individual thinks, communicates, works and consumes are important to the well-being of a richly-interconnected global culture.' There is also a need to organise 'avid investigation of the sometimes absurd and sometimes deeply meaningful realms of human and spiritual potential . . . the tentative emergence of a new global paradigm.'

Dr Laing assured me that he would be present at Wembley on Sunday, adding that while he didn't particularly want to discuss it he would 'probably talk about the present circumstances of the domain of life I know something about'. What did that mean? 'I don't quite know', he said, 'otherwise I wouldn't have to talk about it, would I?'

Ruth Hall

*CHAMELEON, of course (anagram)

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Regional organiser Dean Wayland said he was very pleased with the meeting and, referring to the questioners, said: 'Don't take any notice of them. I'm more working class than they are. I have been out of work for years.' – *Luton Evening Post* (Tim Hopkins)

☐ 'I'm sure I'll get the parts I want in the next two years. I'm just determined not to play the *femme fatale* again. I have just done a television play in which I am a pregnant woman who kills her husband with a frozen leg of lamb. That's the kind of role I want.' – Susan George in *Daily Mirror* (T. C. Russell)

☐ Employers have been urged by the government to take every possible step to ensure that their workers register their votes, so much so that householders are even being asked to bring their servants in to watch television programmes related to the election. – *Guardian* (R. Lewis)

☐ 'I feel terribly guilty I am not wearing blue, but I am going to the television studios and the background is bright turquoise – so I have to wear brown. We girls must think about these things,' Mrs Thatcher said with a smile. – *Daily Telegraph* (Brenda Rowe)

☐ The Dowager Countess of Lucan, 78-year-old mother of the missing earl, will be among Labour Party supporters canvassing in Tory-held Marylebone during the campaign. Mr Joe Hegarty, 35, who is contesting the constituency for Labour, said: 'She is very keen, but I think people are too sophisticated these days to be swayed by the fact that a countess is working for Labour.' – *Daily Telegraph* (Peter Barnes)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Distorting the news

□ Anna, former president of Manchester University Students' Union, joked: 'Being a Liberal, I find decision making difficult.' – *Daily Express* (Oliver Weindling)

Sir, I was even more amused than usual by your This England column last week. The 'Anna' mentioned is close to my heart, and what I in fact said was: 'Being a Libran (born between 23 September and 22 October) I find decision-making difficult.' God bless the *Daily Express*. Perhaps they'll get it right some day.

ANNA FORD

ITN
48 Wells Street
London W1

Deer Hunting (cont.)

Sir, John Pilger's proper contempt for the manner of depicting the Vietnamese in *The Deer Hunter* will be countered by some with arguments supporting the director's own defence of the film's case as art. It is an indulgence that would not be extended to a German film producer artfully reconstructing the military events of fairly recent German history. No doubt, however, such arguments will go on. What disturbs me most is the British contribution to Anglo-American films of 1978. As well as *The Deer Hunter* (financed by the company that brought us the Sex Pistols!), we have been offered *The Wild Geese*, a film about mercenaries in Africa – shot in South Africa with the approval of that government – and an anti-Arab melodrama about slavery in Africa (its name, I am pleased to say, escapes me).

To crown this British effort, we have now given the top award to *Midnight Express*, an anti-Turkish film of, I think, horrendous implication. In it an American smuggler condemns *all* Turkish people in a court scene calculated to summon in the audience an undiscriminating approval, one won by the director's selective and distorting eye. The only good characters are British and American. Each scene is a travesty of the truth the producers claim for it (check, for instance, the ludicrous scenes at Istanbul airport). Islam, so far as one can see, is presented only in one shot or more of prayers being conducted in the same frames as scenes of torture.

Indignant and humiliated Turkish acquaintances have told me that no protests have availed in this country. In Germany, I understand, it has been different. We think of the decline of the British film industry as mainly artistic and commercial. If, however, we think of the forebears of these films of 1978, we might judge it, beyond all else, a moral decline, and a significant one.

J.B. DEARNALEY

58 Kensington Court
London W8

Puffed out

Sir, There are two scenes in Mr Ian McEwan's amusing little play for television which certainly need changing – I refer to scenes 27 and 33. In smoking opium the smoker inhales, he doesn't exhale. Judging by the quantity of smoke being puffed out by his two characters, I don't think they can be enjoying their opium much. The clients in a crowded *fumerie* produce less smoke than one Englishman in a restaurant with a Dunhill pipe.

GRAHAM GREENE

Antibes

Disappearing programmes

Sir, It is tragic to read David Plowright's account of the way in which misplaced ACTT action on behalf of its members' jobs has thwarted Brian Moser's brilliant *World In Action* series (Letters 16 March). Brian Moser pioneered the technique of having tribespeople *themselves* narrate films about their societies, with subtitles for foreign viewers. This helped show the tribes as real people, not curiosities whose strange ways were explained by unintentionally patronising presenters.

Moser's series made a powerful impact in the difficult struggle to make public opinion aware of the problems of tribes threatened by our aggressive society. I am sure that ACTT members would be appalled if they understood the harm being done to tribal survival by their union's inflexible attitude. If they care about threatened societies they should ask their union leadership to relent on this one.

JOHN HEMMING
Director and Secretary
Royal Geographical Society
Kensington Gore, London SW7

Sir, I wholeheartedly agree with the respect accorded to Brian Moser and his filming techniques with isolated tribal peoples in David Plowright's letter (NS 16 March). Concerned as my organisation is with the protection of such peoples' rights to their own cultures, the intrusion of 'civilised' helpers – missionaries, developers, film-makers, glossy magazine photographers, multi-national mining companies etc. – presents a constant threat, and a bandwagon for an increasing number of people to jump on. Brian Moser stands out among this number as being sensitively aware of the delicate balance between respecting tribal peoples' isolation, and illustrating to the world the richness and complexities of a wide range of cultures. How sad that his kind of filming should be under threat from an inflexibility on the part of unions and management, which bears an all too familiar similarity to the possessive claims daily being made on the lands and lives of the peoples Moser has done so much to help in the past.

BARBARA BENTLEY

Survival International
36 Craven Street
London WC2

Desperate Dan

Sir, No doubt the Comp Complex is draped in black and Dan Drough is combing his hair into his dunce's hat. Fancy giving a prize to someone (NS 2 March) who thinks that $\pi\sqrt{5}$ might be an integar; if $\pi\sqrt{5}$ were an integer, N, then would be a root of the algebraic equation $5\times^2-N^2=0$, and any educated person knows this to be impossible. It is a howler comparable to the belief that Edward Pygge wrote Bacon.

AFON BACH

11 a'Becket Court
St Thomas's Street Portsmouth

Duncan Campbell writes: Competition readers and writers may find the above letter easier to digest in the form:

$(X\sqrt{5} + N)(X\sqrt{5} - N) = 0$

The roots, or in this case the lack of useful roots, are as clear as Pygge's family relations with Bacon. Non-aficionados of the style may note that $\pi\sqrt{5}$ is 7.025, which *is* merely an integer in literary clothing.

Any old iron?

Sir, You slipped the double whammy to the *Daily Telegraph* in your This English column for using *whim of iron*, which shows that old statesmen never die, they just don't get around. The phrase, a cliché by now, describes any brainy attractive lady who has and uses power. I first heard it about Clare Booth Luce. Iron Butterfly also serves.

In *The New Yorker* 26 March, Graham Greene is quoted: 'They are men of iron whim, to borrow someone else's aphorism'. You once had me doing time in the This England nick: as you see, I'm still sulking.

LARRY ADLER

What's On in London
79 Temple Chambers, EC 4

The editor writes: Unusual fo find Larry Adler missing any tricks of this kind. 'Iron Butterfly' doesn't just serve: it was one of S. J. Perelman's finest distortions. I'm told it got him into a lot of hot water with his Hollywood studio bosses when he described that lucrative team Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy as 'the Iron Butterfly and the Singing Capon'. The same principle of reduction to absurdity is employed, of course, in the line Adler deals with, but I first heard it in superior form from a well-known man-about-Fleet Street called Alan Dick, who used to describe persons whose anti-drinking resolution was rather easily attacked as 'men of iron wont'.

While going on like this, I might appeal to NS readers to solve a problem which I've found beyond the resources even of such great experts as Leo Rosten. Who was the American comic who was asked the difference between a professional and an amateur, and said: 'An amateur is a guy who, if they have an actor dressed up as an old lady, and have the actor slip on a banana skin, will laugh (if it's well done). For a professional, it has to be a real old lady.'

Surface structure

Sir, Readers with even a cursory acquaintance with the work of Michel Foucault, and with the general characteristics of 'structuralist' literature, will not be taken in by Peter Conrad's wildly misleading invective against Foucault's recent *History of Sexuality* (NS 30 March). It is not unprecedented for Foucault to be regarded as a structuralist, and for 'structuralism' to be regarded as some kind of intellectual crime; but one rarely sees cogent argument in support of these notions. Conrad's review is no exception. If he thinks that the charge of 'structuralism' is (a) accurate and (b) pertinent to the assessment of Foucault's work then he should indicate, at least in outline, what counts as a 'structuralist' explanation, what's wrong with it, and how Foucault's work exemplifies the explanation and incorporates the problems (though Conrad may not of, course, be able to do this: his grasp of the 'structuralist' method is indicated by the fact that he uses the fundamental 'structuralist' distinction between synchronic and diachronic analysis in a manner precisely *opposite* to its actual meaning and usage). He might also take on board Foucault's own remarks on this matter, in a foreword to the English edition of *The Order of Things* (1970):

> This last point is a request to the English-speaking reader. In France, certain half-witted 'commentators' persist in labelling me a 'structuralist'. I have been unable to get it into their tiny minds that I have used none of the methods, concepts or key terms that characterise structural analysis.
>
> I should be grateful if a more serious public would free me from a connection that does me honour, but that I have not deserved. There may well be certain similarities between the works of the structuralists and my own work. It would hardly behove me, of all people, to claim that my discourse is independent of conditions and rules of which I am very largely unaware, and which determine other work which is being done today. But it is only too easy to avoid the trouble of analysing such work by giving it an admittedly impressive-sounding, but inaccurate, label.

In the light of such remarks it remains possible to argue that Foucault is a 'structuralist'; but it cannot simply be *asserted* without obscuring, as Peter Conrad does, the real advances and problems in Foucault's work.

KEITH SMITH

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Correction: In our article on Natsopa in the NEW STATESMAN, 30 March 1979, we referred to Bacon & Woodrow as accountants. They are, in fact, consulting actuaries.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Sweet Mystery of Life

I have always been given to understand that no noise emitted and no sound created on earth ever, theoretically, actually dies away but that its waves wobble on, getting ever fainter and fainter, for all eternity and that if we had a listening apparatus sensitive enough we could tune in to a jumbled cacophony of past sighs sighed, sobs sobbed, yells yelled, shrieks shrieked and, I am afraid, belches belched. How interesting it would be to have recordings of, say, Marie Antoinette putting forward the claims of cake as a nutritional alternative and the musical thud as Mary Queen of Scots (a very nasty and mischievous woman, mark my words) was separated from her head. And so it was that, summoned the other day by the BBC to take part in a performance of 'Any Questions?' on the Isle of Wight, I kept a sharp ear open as we chugged in a splendid Red Funnel ferry up Southampton Water ('A cruise in itself', encourages the ferry brochure) and set out, the trip hardly justifying a Kwell, across the Solent to Cowes. I was listening for the distant reverberation of a cry cried and a wail wailed repeatedly many years ago on that section of the Hampshire coast that by then was visible from our boat. It was 'Boys, boys, I will *not* have this ragging!' Yes indeed, it could come from nobody but a prep school Matron, crackling with starch, fed up with the term and just about to confide over tea to the geography master, for whom she has a secret *tendresse*, that she is at the End of her Tether ('Another bap, Boris?').

My prep school, Stirling Court, stood a bare quarter mile from the pebbly beach and the Solent tides that washed it at such frequent intervals. The school, every bit as bizarre as even the most improbable scholastic establishments of fiction, was in the main village street and hardly a stone's throw from a squat building known as 'The Club', through the unsuitably stained-glass windows of which the outlines of various retired naval gentlemen could be seen most of the day, their sails furled, their long tricks over and their tackle stowed away, exchanging, one assumed, merry yarns with laughing fellow-rovers and downing in the process a sizeable quantity of booze. As befits naval gentlemen, they had, when seen on the road, rolling gaits but our headmaster, a constant visitor to this cosy haunt, was in no way connected with the navy and owed his own rolling gait to something which came out of a bottle. Watery of eye and purple of face and deaf as a post, it is not easy, even with hindsight, to estimate just exactly how tipsy he was from about midday onwards. A fair verdict would be, I think, 'pretty tipsy'. He was an exceptionally nice and jovial man and we loved him dearly, whisky fumes and all.

Nobody could possibly have been more timid and totally remote than his wife, Mrs Macdonald, the shyest of violets, the merest wallflower at Life's ball. She arranged, presumably, our food, a daily activity which cannot have taken her long. She engaged, one supposes, the domestics, a giggling batch of warm young plumpnesses who came and went, ruled by an ancient 'working' cook, the dread adjective removing her for ever from polite society, who was to be occasionally seen, a resentful figure in clouds of steam, through a hatch. The Macdonalds' marital union had been once blessed (a clever boy, away at Lancing) and Mrs Macdonald's entire life and interest and devotion now appeared to be centred on a flock of gloomy Buff Orpingtons that tried to scratch a meagre living in a fenced-off (and wisely padlocked) corner of the deplorable and gravelly yard where we larked about ('Boys, boys . . .' etc), fell over and grazed our knees. Occasionally a football would go zooming over the wire and score a pleasing direct hit on a Buff Orpington, a breed of hen with a particularly noisy and satisfactory squawk. Sometimes we increased, accidentally on purpose, don't you know, the shower of balls and there was a general *sauve qui peut* in the chicken world. The balls had to be left there until Mrs Macdonald, basket at the ready, came to undo the padlock, collect her eggs and cluck a greeting to her feathered friends, the birds, hoping for more grain, clucking sycophantically back. It would be charitable to suppose that a fit portion of the Macdonald eggs found its way to us in various tasty culinary preparations though the dishes that graced our table never seemed outstandingly eggy.

I have dwelt deliberately upon this pleasantly rustic, nay almost pastoral and idyllic, scene in order to form a sharp contrast with what follows and thereby give my narrative balance. Life is by no means entirely composed of Buff Orpingtons and from the age of 12 onwards it sometimes seems to have provided nothing but a series of short sharp shocks, physical and otherwise. At that age we none of us had the faintest idea of how babies were constructed or indeed of what a lady's contraptions consisted or looked like. We were soon to find out. By no means all the local naval gentlemen were retired and inactive. Further along the coast and at a place accessible to those of us who were in the sixth form and therefore on Sundays permitted to take 'private walks' as opposed to the deadly crocodiles visited upon the *hoi polloi*, there was a naval rifle range, not in use on Sundays. The steeply sloping butt, backed by a wall, was grass-covered and quite agreeable to roll down if one was in the mood, and in the target area there was a sunken path where, presumably, the markers lurked. There were some locked huts and nautical debris here and there and a trip to this ensemble was more interesting than just plodding along the road. There were also lavatories and into these one Sunday my friend Williamson, requiring, as we put it, to 'go', disappeared. And not long afterwards there was a loud shriek, though whether of anguish or delight or amazement it was impossible to tell. Hastily joining him, I discovered the cause.

We found ourselves in a picture gallery. No first visit to the Uffizi or Prado could have provided a more astonishing eye-opener. Not an inch of wall space remained unillustrated. Undraped ladies and gentlemen were everywhere at sport, arms and legs in all directions. Occasionally a poet had displayed his gifts ('Here's to the maid who's never afraid') but on the whole the artistic endeavour was in the form of simple line drawings of bold sweep, here and there delicately shaded with black and red chalks, the general theme being that variety is the spice of life. I would like, in my prudish way, to say that we were appalled. Not a bit of it. We were thrilled through and through. No possible doubt remained about what went on. Gooseberry bushes were out and on our return to Stirling Court we looked at Matron with a new eye. Goodness gracious, one thought. Even Mrs Macdonald herself now excited interest and a sense of wonder that she had ever been able to achieve, for the illustrators had aimed high, such strange gymnastics. Talking it all over with Williamson in the days that followed, we found that we shared the same inhibition. It was quite impossible to think of our parents as being in any way connected with these activities. No, no. Parents were different. Perhaps there was something in, and under, gooseberry bushes after all.

And so, while crossing the Solent, I listened, but in vain, for remembered sounds borne on the wind – the hatch doors flying open with a bang and disclosing Monday's unappetising stew, Mr Macdonald's wheezy breathing as we scratched away at an essay ('What I Did in the Hols'), Buff Orpingtons' frenzied squawks and the crunch of Mrs Macdonald's brogues on the gravel, the night-time blubbing of the unbearably home-sick, and Williamson's shriek (he afterwards confessed that it had been one of pure, if one may so call it, excitement) at the discovery of what was what. And did we, you wonder, ever return to the rifle range for a second look? Yes, we did.

Roger Woddis

Seeing is Disbelieving

Mrs Thatcher has appointed a six-man team to observe the Rhodesia general election.

'Is my team going,
To see that people vote
To keep the old flag flying
And Mr Smith afloat?'

Ay, the six stand ready,
Well-managed by Lord Boyd;
They know the things you value
Must never be destroyed.

'Is all the rigging
Prepared for polling day?
And is the team quite sure of
The role they have to play?'

Ay, they'll keep their eyes shut
When they observe the poll,
With no pretence of freedom
And no electoral roll.

'Is someone seeing
The Patriotic Front,
Or will the people fall for
The usual PR stunt?'

Nay, lass, they aren't stupid,
And they can guess the score:
They know the same old set-up
Will go on as before.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Clive James

The Examined Life

Collected Poems 1944-79 by KINGSLEY AMIS
Hutchinson £4.95

Kingsley Amis has had to go on and on proving that he is as interesting a poet as he is a novelist. It was inevitable. He is a very interesting novelist. That he should be equally good at the other thing seems unjust. But this volume, which collects all of his verse that he wishes to preserve, should finally be proof positive. Accomplished, literate and entertaining, it is a richly various expression of a moral personality coming to terms with the world.

Since the arrangement of poems is chronological, the personality can be heard discovering its own voice in the opening pages. To become himself, Amis had first of all to absorb the bewitching influence of Auden, whose tones pervade his early poems just as thoroughly as the tones of Yeats pervade the early poems of Philip Larkin. Here are some sample lines, taken from various poems.

> Still flows your northern river like a pulse . . .
> Meanwhile the radiation sprang from the
> tentative rod . . .
> So, stranger, when you come here to unpack . . .

But almost everybody parroted Auden to the extent of turning out lines that sounded like his. To turn out whole stanzas that sounded like his, however, needed a high degree of technical ability, which Amis had:

> But there are people here, unable to understand,
> Randy for cigarettes, moving hands too
> Jerky to move in love; their women matrons,
> their daughters
> Fanatically guarded or whores with lovely teeth;
> The sons come from somewhere else, fair of skin;
> The children have thick white socks and an
> English laugh,
> Bearers of flowers, quiet and pointlessly clean,
> Showing their parents up, not easily amused.

Amis has done us a double service by not suppressing these early poems. In the first place, they give us an object lesson in what a gifted young poet finds fascinating about an older master: clearly it was the way Auden made the *prosaic* sound poetic that Amis wanted to steal the secret of. In the second place, they are substantial poems in their own right. He wasn't just scrambling a few borrowed effects together in order to conjure up an air of meaning. He actually had clear themes, even when the themes were callow.

When he discovered what he really wanted to say, he quickly began sounding like himself. This process is usually known as 'finding your own voice'. There is nothing automatic about it. Most poets never find their own voice. Instead they employ quirks to give their anonymity identity. To speak naturally and still be immediately recognisable is a rare thing. In 'Dirty Story', one of the first of his fully individual poems, it can only be Amis talking.

> To-morrow, in what shrines gaily excreting,
> Will you, our champion even if defeated,
> Bring down a solemn edifice with one swing?

Disapproved of and envied, this priapic hero ('Your you-know-what in fabulous readiness') is destined to be one of the poet's perennial characters. Preoccupations begin early. So, in Amis's case, did the ability to discipline a principal strength. It would have been easy for him to indulge his capacity for comic invention. But he used it sparingly from the start. Comedy was always subordinated to argument. Amis's tone has never been less than densely serious, so it was no surprise that Dr Leavis found him frivolous.

> Half-shut, our eye dawdles down the page
> Seeing the word love, the word death, the
> word life,
> Rhyme-words of poets in a silver age:
> Silver of the bauble, not of the knife.

Knives, not baubles, are what poems should be like: a very rigorous aesthetic, which Amis had begun holding to long before he got round to formulating it. Poets find their guiding principles by assessing the implications of what they have done already. Similarly, they increase their range of vision by gazing within. By comically dramatising his own introspection, Amis found a way of taking the conceit out of self-regard. In 'A Dream of Fair Women', the 'squadron of draped nudes' who mob him in his sexual fantasy are banal enough to be flying around in ours too.

> Speech fails them, amorous, but each one's look,
> Endorsed in other ways, begs me to sign
> Her body's autograph-book;
> 'Me first, Kingsley; I'm cleverest' each declares...

The poet goes on to admit the sad triteness of that imaginary harem; to contend that if it were real then only 'the best' would settle for anything else; and to regret the fact that everyone else would come along with him to seek 'the halls of theoretical delight'. It is notable that he does not include himself among 'the best', even though the mere ability to analyse the problem would give him some justification to place himself above it. But Amis's insistence on his own propensity for all moral failings is based on deep conviction, quite apart from its being a useful creative device. In Amis's view, we all have similar impulses. What we do about them is a matter of choice. The callous and the stupid have *chosen* to be that way.

Not to be swept up by feelings but to control them – both ethically and aesthetically it is an anti-romantic standpoint. In 'Against Romanticism' he made the connection explicit. Admitting that it does not seem quite enough to be a 'traveller who walks a temperate zone', nevertheless he distrusts the irrepressible hunger for 'a grand meaning' that

> . . . sets the brain raging with prophecy,
> Raging to discard real time and place . . .

It is true that there must be visions, but they should be visions that do not leave the real world out. They should not be

> Raging to build a better time and place
> Than the ones which give prophecy its field
> To work, the calm material for its rage,
> And the context which makes it prophecy.

The poet is ready to call such a vision 'pallid', but in fact it is the secret of his peculiar vividness. The aim is not to be disenchanted, but never to be enchanted in the first place: to see things as they are and must be. If we could think the illusion through, we wouldn't have to have it, and would thus avoid the suffering of becoming disillusioned afterwards. The point is argued out in 'The Value of Suffering', a cautionary tale about a princeling who had everything and had to lose it all before he attained wisdom. The last stanza sums up.

> What a shame that a regal house must founder,
> Its menials die, its favourites undergo
> Unheard-of rape, to emphasise a contrast,
> To point one thing out to one person;
> Especially since the person could have seen
> What it was all about by not laughing
> After his father's joke – watching instead,
> By changing places with his groom,
> By sixty seconds' thought.

Amis is not now, nor has he ever been, a true right-winger. He is a liberal appalled by the left. Nor is he a Philistine: he is an artist sickened by the arty, as is evinced in 'After Goliath'.

> The first shot out of that sling
> Was enough to finish the thing:
> The champion laid out cold
> Before half the programmes were sold.

The top Philistine is easily felled. But then whom does David find cheering at his back?

> Academics, actors who lecture,
> Apostles of architecture,
> Ancient-gods-of-the-abdomen men,
> Angst-pushers, adherents of Zen . . .

David is undecided whether to keep Goliath's sword as a trophy or use it on his own fans. He shrugs and leaves, 'resigned/To a new battle, fought in the mind', the same battle in which Amis himself takes such an active part – and, one suspects, such delight.

Those of us who are always re-reading Amis's novels have grown used to finding his later themes presaged in early works. The same applies to his poetry, where his later set-piece struggles with Eros and Thanatos are merely the culmination of a string of skirmishes that go back to the very beginning.

> As I was waiting for the bus
> A girl came up the street,
> Detectable as double-plus
> At seven hundred feet.

Only the fabled travelling salesman of 'A Song of Experience' ('And so he knew, where we can only fumble') can unthinkingly do the right thing about sex. Amis's own conclusions – that at the moment of being overwhelmed by our strongest instinct we are obliged to turn our brains on instead of off – is once again an anti-romantic one. The best we can hope for is to go through life with our eyes open. Those who take short cuts have nothing to tell us: a

Among this week's contributors:

CLIVE JAMES's second collection of essays, *At the Pillars of Hercules*, was published by Faber earlier this year.

ANTONY POLONSKY lectures on International History at LSE. He is at present working on a history of the Polish government-in-exile.

JULIAN BARNES's first novel, *Metroland*, will be published by Cape early next year.

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stricture from which Jesus Christ is not excluded.

Should you revisit us,
Stay a little longer,
And get to know the place . . .

Nor does God himself escape reproof, as in 'The Huge Artifice', where some intractable conditions of existence are quite legitimately complained of.

That the habit of indifference is less
Destructive than the embrace of love, that crimes
Are paid for never or a thousand times,
That the gentle come to grief. . .

Dai Evans is the final development of the travelling salesman. The Evans Country is the land of heart's desire – a version of Wales less stridently fabulous than Llaregubb, yet still mythical, because in it life acts itself out without an inward look. Evans firmly quells all intimations of mortality. Staging a bonfire of his second-rate pornography, he still keeps the first-rate stuff upstairs. Amis was moved to grieved reflection by his father's death:

I'm sorry you had to die
To make me sorry
You're not here now.

Evans's reaction to a similar event is less complicated.

'Hallo, pet. Alone? Good. It's me.
Ah now, who did you think it was?
Well, come down the Bush and find out.
You'll know me easy, because
I'm wearing a black tie, love.'

Amis does not withhold his admiration from this most indefatigable of all stick-men. Yet it is made clear that the void which awaits Evans already has its counterpart in his head: by not noticing he has solved nothing. Facing reality has its own value. That is the sole, but strong, affirmation underlying Amis's later poems. Some of these are merrily contemptuous of what modern life has become:

So bloody good luck to you, mate,
That you weren't born too late
For at least a chance of happiness,
Before unchangeable crappiness
Spreads all over the land.

Others tragically accept the brute facts about what life has always been. 'A Reunion', for example, though some of it sounds like Amis and Conquest organising a Kingers 'n' Conkers contribution to the next Black Paper ('A nitwit not fit to shift shit', etc.), is really an extended and painful encounter with the truth about how we grow apart from and forget each other. Two things lie between such a poem and despair. The first is the perfection of the poet's craft, which in Amis as in any other true artist is essentially a moral property. The second is the unspoken corollary of Socrates' insistence that the unexamined life is not worth living. The examined life *is* worth living. Only the fact that he is so marvellously readable can now stop Kingsley Amis from being placed in the front rank of contemporary poets. He has attained his grand meaning after all.

John Bayley

The Unsteady Alliance

Romanticism by HUGH HONOUR *Allen Lane* £8.50

Like an extremely capable tutor Hugh Honour takes a seemingly impossible pupil in hand and makes something quite coherent and presentable out of him. His technique is much the same as it was in his book on Neo-Classicism: a comparative presentation of examples of all kinds, painting, sculpture, architectural design, but also poems and aesthetic and political manifestoes – the general effect demonstrating the paradoxical nature of an historical movement from which the most contradictory works emerged, all still claiming the same title by their own peculiar logic.

Thus 'to make something out of nothing', as Constable put it, can be as important for the romantic painter as to deal in chasms and Mont Blancs – the quintessentially romantic object of Shelley's poem – and in the sublime and picturesque. In both cases the painter was, as Théodore Rousseau put it, 'speaking to nature', and in harmony with her. Such harmony could actually appear at times to engulf the spectator; Mr Honour shows us how in the landscapes of Caspar David Friedrich – which vary from such spectacularly 'romantic' themes as *The Cross in the Mountains* and *The Wanderer above the Mists* to the strangely haunting dullness of flat country outside Dresden – the foreground has actually disappeared, leaving us in the air above field or mountain. Turner plays the same tricks on us, most obviously in *Regulus*, where the subject of the painting is not visible because the viewer has been placed in his position, exposed to the full glare of the sun.

The Russians, eager spectators from outside the great romantic mix-up, and coming on the scene rather late, were able to disentangle things in a clear-headed way and take a sensible empirical view – at any rate where literature was concerned. For Pushkin, and for Gogol after him, Romanticism was quite simply a question of form. Shakespeare and Sterne and Byron had mixed up all the genres in their work – tragical-historical-comical-ironical – and this 'parti-coloured' style properly constituted the romantic, the most free and energetic form of art. All attempts to *be* 'romantic', in terms of content, led to mere weakness and absurdity, to the limp, the dark, the despairing, topless castles and hopeless loves.

This simple, robust view makes the best sense of the business, at least on its literary side. But in the other arts too it applies with a sometimes surprising consistency. As it happens, the only Russian Hugh Honour mentions is the portrait painter Bryullov; but notwithstanding, all his wide-ranging and scholarly exposition goes to show the inherent soundness of the Pushkinian view, even in the field of portraiture. In the most natural way it mixes up sitter and artist, in the sense that romanticism identifies Shakespeare with Hamlet, Sterne with Shandy. (Peter Conrad has brilliantly explored in a recent book the relations between Romanticism and Shandyism.) Chassériau's Lacordaire, the liberal theologian, or Bryullov's journalist, Kulkolmik, are how all men of the new sensibility ought to look, and Runge's self-portrait, or that of Abel de Pujol, wrapped in a Roman toga, have a curiously unflinching objectivity, as if subject and object could dissolve together in a complete acceptance of incongruity as a necessary part of the human *geist*.

This incongruity was of course at once isolated and identified, by the German Tieck, as 'romantic irony'. It is not a very happy phrase because it suggests yet another artistic and literary formula, which indeed it soon became. Romantic liberation, of the kind that Pushkin's genius in art forms felt such a strong technical appreciation, never lasts long: few artists are ever confident enough to work outside the limits of their own evolved manner, and the mixed-up style can become just as artificial a mannerism as any other. Romantic congelation presents a more varied appearance than its classic counterparts but is just as obvious when it takes place. The creators of *Don Juan* and *Evgeny Onegin*, those effectively mixed-up novels in which poetry has taken the place of prose, would grimace at the kind of conventional blurb which can cover almost *any* modern novel – 'witty, profound, tender and obscene, sombre and hilarious', etc. The novel has become the too obvious legatee of romantic contrasts, which have undercut – and probably for good – such classic forms as tragedy. In this sense the romantics were right to claim Shakespeare as no tragedian but one of themselves. Realism, in so far as it means anything, merely means Romanticism in this historical sense. De Musset saw restoration France as divided between Don Quixotes and Sancho Panzas, but Sainte-Beuve made the more accurate comment on the spirit of the age when he remarked that all of us are one at one moment, and then the other. 'This unsteady alliance between enthusiastic idealism and positive *terre à terre* good sense is found more or less in everyone. It is not even a question of age: one goes to sleep as Don Quixote and wakes up as Sancho Panza'. 'Unsteady alliance' sums up much that is typical of the Romantic achievement.

Artists felt it – feeling being itself the great criterion. Keats wanted to write poems 'that cannot be laughed at in any way', something that Byron had done and that Pushkin was to do. Such works, like *Tristram Shandy* itself, would contain both their own sentiment and their own derision. All romanticism is vulnerable to parody, but it is arguable that some of the most characteristic achievements of the movement, in painting no less than in poetry, possess in themselves a treasure of incongruity which is inseparable from their symbolic effect. In 1819, the year that Keats wrote *The Eve of St Agnes*, Ingres' *Roger delivering Angelica* and Géricault's *The Raft of the Medusa* were both on display at the Paris salon. It is not surprising that Géricault's tremendous canvas should have lent itself to such irreverent re-titling as 'Getting There is Half the Fun', but there is something in the painting that does not mind this: grotesqueness on a big scale is a vital part of the way it views the human situation. In the course of lectures that were stopped by order of the monarchist authorities, Michelet was indeed to cite it as a symbol of the predicament of France herself:

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'C'est notre société toute entière qu'il embarqua sur ce radeau.' Not only does the suffering of 'ordinary people' – and as a result of official incompetence and stupidity – suddenly become heroic and more than life-size, but the symbolic apparition of hope, the minute speck of a ship on the light sky of the horizon, seems utterly detached from the nightmare world of present existence, 'here where men sit and hear each other moan'.

Ingres' picture has a depth of oddness of quite another kind. It fascinated Rossetti who wrote a very bad sonnet about it – painting and poetry coming together as so often in romanticism – and it is certainly extraordinary that the meticulous academician should have produced a painting with so many uncontrolled fascinations. Roger is clad à la Sir Walter Scott in a complete suit of quattrocento armour, correct down to the last gorget, and copied by Ingres from the monuments in Rome where he was working at the time. But if he represents the romantic love of historicism, the wilting and compliant Angelica is by contrast straight out of the new sexual sensibility, from the world of de Sade, as Hugh Honour observes. This wildly unstable mixture of literature and local colour with sex – Ingres is obviously highly excited by the pose of his Angelica, as the preliminary study shows even more clearly – is a typically romantic tour de force, which succeeds by the grotesque juxtaposition of its disparate elements and not by any sort of fusion of them.

It could be argued that the instability is too crude, however much we may appreciate it, to make an integrated artistic experience. No effective Romantic work is designed for a particular purpose, or with the coherence given by a definite context in the scheme of things, like pictures painted for a church. Significant that Proudhon's *Crucifixion*, the most impressive treatment of the subject in Romantic painting (and incidentally very similar in treatment to the early Velasquez in the Prado) should have been diverted from the cathedral of Metz who had commissioned it and sent to the Louvre instead, as if it was too 'good' as art for a mere church. Metz had to be content with a copy. Another symptom of the tendency to value art itself as against any of its former functions can perhaps be seen in the numerous *atelier* paintings, like those of Vernet and Courbet, in which the artist's materials, assembled in no apparent relation, are possessed by him for their personal and symbolic significance, Courbet's nude model in particular being as strangely 'out of the picture', in her private intimacy with the artist, as Angelica in the canvas of Ingres.

An implication of Hugh Honour's book, whether he intends it or not, is that the painting of the Romantic period unconsciously aspired to the condition of the non-representational. Only thus could its instability – soaring off into declamation, symbolism, ideological historicism – be calmed down. In this sense Delacroix and the sculptor Préault are the Romantic patterns for the future. A critic and admirer of Delacroix, asked if a brilliant patch of colour was a man's chest or back, replied: *'Ni l'un ni l'autre, c'est de la peinture.'* With hindsight there is something sinister about that remark. It spells the end of Romantic liberation and the specialisation of the abstract, where the *nouveau roman* becomes a *roman* and nothing else, all living questions and answers subdued into technique, and painting becomes an assemblage of shapes and colours. There was a reductive element in Romantic theory: even Schlegel declared that 'painting must be painting and nothing else'. That sort of idea is always dangerous – neither Cézanne nor Turner would have paid any attention to it, nor would Goya or Blake, and they with Turner are the giants of the book. Turner's first biography misquoted him as declaring: 'Indistinctness is my forte' – a remark frequently cited as evidence of Romantic delight in vagueness. But what Turner actually said was, 'Indistinctness is my fault'. Like every great artist he wanted to be as distinct as he possibly could.

A. J. P. Taylor

Guesstimates

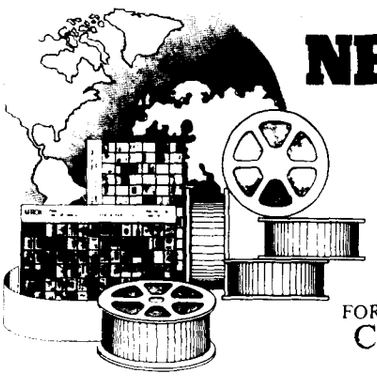
Who Financed Hitler: The Secret Funding of Hitler's Rise to Power by JAMES and SUZANNE POOL *Macdonald & Jane's* £7.95

All political parties spend money, though it is not polite to say so, and most of them need wealthy patrons to supplement the contributions of the faithful. In America no Presidential election is complete without some financial scandal. In this country it is taken for granted that the Conservative party receives assistance from big business and the Labour party from the trade unions. The financing of the Nazi party, however, is regarded as a special case, with its funding more 'secret' than that of others. As a matter of fact, evidence about Nazi finance is more than usually abundant – though this does not mean that the evidence is reliable.

Brother and sister Pool claim to have broken the Nazi secrets. On page 254 they casually let the cat out of the bag – or rather, confess that the bag is empty. Party treasurer Schwarz kept the party accounts from 1924 onwards.

> All the data concerning the sources of the Nazis' Party income was assembled in Schwarz's office . . . Which industrialists contributed to Hitler before 1933? Precisely how much did they give? These questions would undoubtedly have been answered in detail by the books of the Party treasurer.

But 'It is not unlikely that all of Schwarz's records were purposely destroyed as the Allied Armies neared Munich'. That is the end of the trail, and a guess at that. All the rest of the book is guesswork, sometimes plausible, sometimes far-fetched, wrapped up



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DOCTRINE AND ETHOS IN THE LABOUR PARTY

H M DRUCKER

As the General Election approaches, the major political parties are under close scrutiny. This important new study by Henry Drucker, just published, seeks to provoke readers to a fundamental re-appraisal of the Labour party, and of the relationships between the party, its ideology and socialist doctrine.

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in a general account of Hitler's rise to power, already a well-known story.

The early guesses are the most likely and the least surprising. Hitler started as an Army spy on left-wing movements in Munich after the war and set up his own movement with Army support. Though Hitler opposed the democratic government in Berlin, he opposed even more the separatist right-wing government in Munich, and the Army subsidised him as an agent of the Reich. The Navy, with no separatist links, was even more wholehearted in its financial backing. The Pools even surmise that the Social Democrats prevented Hitler's expulsion from Bavaria because of his Reich loyalty. There is one delightful piece of information: the Nazi Storm Troopers wore brown shirts solely because the Party was able to purchase cheaply a surplus lot of khaki army shirts once intended to have been worn in Africa.

After this, the guesses flourish. Any reactionary or anti-semite is fair game for the Pools' net. There were wealthy White Russians in Munich after the war; many of them, including the claimant to the Imperial Russian throne, financed Hitler. Henry Ford was an aggressive anti-semite, running his own paper for that purpose: he of course financed Hitler. This theme is run hard, no doubt for the American market. Sir Henri Deterding is drawn in. Lord Rothermere, not content with aspiring to the vacant throne of Hungary, financed Hitler. The two authors hint without the slightest evidence that Beaverbrook may have done the same. The treatment of Edward VIII is characteristically ingenious. The Pools write: 'Legend has it that Edward was compelled to abdicate due to his refusal to give up "the woman he loved". However, this issue was used as a facade to conceal the more critical objection which the government had with the King – namely, his "pro-Nazi attitudes".'

Great play is made with Thyssen's contributions to the Nazi cause. Indeed the story is presented as a dramatic revelation. In fact, every detail derives from Thyssen's own book, *I Paid Hitler*, published in 1941. It does not follow that Thyssen's revelations are reliable. By the time Thyssen wrote his book, he had turned against Hitler and, like any other reformed sinner, was anxious to exaggerate the extent of his former sins. There is of course no doubt that many German industrialists met Hitler or other leading Nazis and displayed interest in the party. Most of them, however, were already financing other German parties and, if they added the Nazis to their list, this was more a form of insurance than a firm commitment. There is one story with a fairly firm basis. In 1932 some German magnates led by Baron von Schröder underwrote the Nazi debts during the forthcoming election. When Hitler came to power, the Party paid off its debts from the government treasury – or so the Pools say. The financiers never actually put up any money though they collected a generous interest on the sums they had guaranteed.

The Pools get nearer to reality when they describe the published sources of Nazi money. As with other parties, most of it came from the party members, and the Nazi party was particularly firm in exacting party subscriptions. The Nazi party was the party of the small man far more than it was the party of heavy industry, and there is clear evidence that the small men paid. The Völkischer Beobachter and other Party publications, managed by Max Amann, produced substantial profits, as did the revenue from advertisements. Hitler may have had a few patrons among the capitalists and he had a gift for exploiting wealthy women, romantically inclined. But his real strength came from the mass support that he could command. As the Pools confess, 'heavy industry apparently played no direct part in the fateful political events at the end of 1933 . . . Having no suitable candidate of their own to support, the heavy industrialists decided to do nothing for a while'. The Pools conclude;

> In all their calculations and plans, the heavy industrialists failed to recognize the crucial fact of the political crisis: Hitler was the only one with real popular support and a determined movement behind him.

Though there is little solid information in the book about its ostensible subject, there is a good deal of entertaining gossip, much of it derived from that unfailing source, Putzi Hanfstaengel. The account of the manoeuvres preceding Hitler's appointment as Chancellor may also interest any reader who has not already had his fill of the story.

Donald MacRae

The Dance of Life

Havelock Ellis: Philosopher of Sex by VINCENT BROME *Routledge* £8.95

If books can do good in the lives of individuals and generations, so equally they can do harm. Havelock Ellis (1859–1939) was in his lifetime judged by many to have done good, and by some – in the police, the Home Office and the churches – to have done harm. He died in a kind of aura of sanctity and was so established a 'classic' that his selected essays were published in an Everyman edition. At the same time his major works were part of the stock-in-trade of the sad rubber goods shops of the Charing Cross Road, King's Cross and the back streets of provincial towns. He is now all but forgotten, save by feminists – and they are divided about him: sexist or liberator, friend or foe? Their verdict is unclear.

I believe he helped to do great good. About the sexual satisfaction and miseries of the past we can never be certain. It is possible robustly to assert that sexual behaviour never changes, whatever the accepted moralities and proclamations of different ages. I doubt this: ignorance is certainly not constant in time, nor, I suspect, are shame, guilt and brutality. One cannot prove that today sexual misery is less than was the case 50 years ago, but it seems likely. Human life may be always unhappy; yet in this area the sum of pains and pleasures and fears is surely more favourable today than ever before in industrial society. To this result Ellis greatly contributed.

Even if it is argued that what has really been important is technological improvement in contraceptive methods and the diffusion of these techniques, these improvements and that knowledge have been made possible by the impetus to research and education given by the Ellises of this world. The fuss they made, the ridiculous elements in their lives – but what lives are not ridiculous? – seem remote and even comic. So, in due time, will this generation.

And if the lives were odd they were also in many cases enviable. Vincent Brome treats Ellis as in some ways a poor man, leading a pinched and shabby life. Perhaps: but it was certainly one of extraordinary freedom. Ellis was in part a hack-writer, in part a private scholar. He lived in the last age of such folk when the weight of taxation, of regulation, and of professionalism was loose and tolerable. How much we owe to these hacks and uninstitutionalised scholars – Mill, Darwin, Spencer, Stephen, Ellis and so on – is not calculable and certainly underestimated. Today we do not permit them, nor do we have a class of gurus, admired even if not understood, like Russell, Freud, Einstein, Ellis, Wells or Shaw. Instead we have entertainers, often greatly gifted, and media-persons. The change is not to our advantage.

Mr Brome perhaps takes all this for granted. He is not really interested in the social world in which Ellis lived and gained his reputation. In a biograper that is no sin – and Mr Brome is a most thorough biographer – and I would not raise these points were it not for one oddity of the book. Throughout its length Ellis is constantly and unfavourably compared to Freud. In fact, the two men had a long, guarded and remote respect for each other, a fact which, given Freud's cantankerous arrogance, says much for Ellis. But their enterprises were quite different. Ellis was essentially an old-fashioned comparative anthropologist of sexual behaviour and a preacher. Freud borrowed from him such concepts as narcissism and auto-eroticism and a good deal of factual information. Ellis owed little to Freud and almost entirely lacked the latter's power of mythic and dramatic imagination. They were contemporaries; their vocations were different. Mr Brome, however, clearly accepts much of the myth and drama of Freud and uses them as categories for the criticism of Ellis.

I think this explains another matter where my judgment is not Mr Brome's. There is, justly, a great deal here about the private and amatory life of Ellis. It is most interesting: he was, after all, involved with some monstrous and unhappy women, of whom Olive Schreiver is to me far the most interesting – someone as remarkably of her age as Lou Andreas Salome or Alma Mahler. He was also clearly a man whose sexual and affectual interests were greater than his physical capacities. His marital affairs were as tangled and pathetic as those of Thomas Hardy recounted by Mr Gittings. Mr Brome is very good on all these things. However, his judgment is, I think, that Ellis was basically merely long-suffering, weak and inadequate. I find him virtuous, understanding, honourable and heroically patient. But then I find Freud an objectionably *macho* character . . .

Professionally, Ellis's life was precarious. He began his career as an unqualified school-master in Australia. Then he was a 'chronic', in the language of his age, studying medicine in London (no medical school today would even consider an application from the young Ellis) for years without showing much

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talent. He edited – for cash – neglected literary classics and the minor Elizabethans (no English school today would have even admitted him) and did it very well by the standards of the late-Victorian period. He mixed with 'transcendental London' society, full of mysticism and goodwill. He wrote expository criticism and wrote well on Flaubert and Nietzsche. He was one of John Gross's 'men of letters'. In the end he was a paid moralist for the Hearst press – just as, a generation before, Karl Marx had been for the New York dailies. All this supported his vast, miscellaneous, liberating private scholarship about sexual behaviour.

The seven volumes on the psychology of sex are not about psychology as we now use the word. They are miscellanies of anecdote. They revealed to their readers how ignorant they were, how they thought personal problems were general, how their private shames were public problems, how frequent 'abnormalities' were, how these affairs at the secular level demand of us consideration, imagination and honour. They revealed, too, that sexuality was as central to women as to men – and how alike for both.

They did great good, I am sure; but now they are barely readable. This is partly a matter of style. Ellis wrote the lax, expansive, metaphorical and mandarin prose of his age. Its intentions were Augustan and its general effect a kind of imprecise unction and eloquence. And yet this is not quite fair: Ellis *could* be precise and vivid when the sexual activities and emotions he described also concerned his own personal life, and that precision was itself a liberation.

His 'philosophical' writings belong to a universe of discourse I cannot penetrate. What is his *The Dance of Life* (1923) about? I opened it recently, but all I find is primitive pantheism and unfocused aspiration. No doubt it did no harm. Alas, I cannot say so much for his criminological and eugenic writings. In these he reinforced opinion and, to some degree, policies which justified inhumanity. It is this aspect of his work which helps one to realise that the greater methodological and scholarly rigour of modern social science is by no means all loss. We may talk new sorts of nonsense, but some older and pernicious forms of rubbish cannot now be defended either as veridical or as just. Yet all that matters little. It is on sexuality that Mr Brome concentrates. He is right: that is where Ellis really helped us to know and to act a little better both personally and socially.

There is one other life of Ellis worth reading, that by Arthur Calder-Marshall (1959). But, by dint of hard work, Mr Brome's book is now our best single source about this good and interesting man. It bears some marks of its history – Mr Brome, for reasons he makes sufficiently clear, has had to abandon, then to return to his book. The joints show in some big and some little things, such as a failure to allow for recent inflation in calculating Ellis's income at present prices. I don't think these matter.

This is a good book, not written smoothly, but clear and just and based on deep knowledge. I would have wished for more history of Ellis's intellectual milieu and for less Freud. Once again, I feel how much we need a critical history of the late-Victorian and Edwardian intellect; its author will be in debt to Mr Brome.

Antony Polonsky

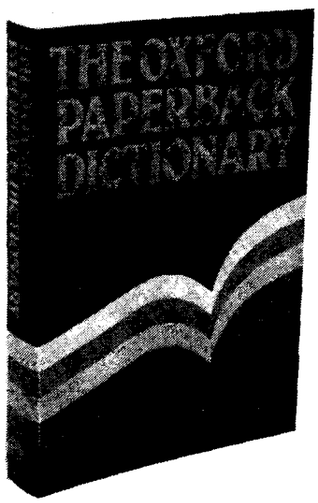
Looking West

Alarm and Hope by ANDREI SAKHAROV
Collins/Harvill £5.50

The divisions in the Russian dissident movement have come increasingly to parallel the intellectual splits which were a feature of the Russian intelligentsia in the 19th century. The two poles are represented by the two Nobel prizewinners within the group, Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov. Solzhenitsyn looks ever more like a latter-day Dostoyevsky or Danilevsky, a slavophile repelled by the decadence and inner weakness of the West, who believes that only a reassertion of Russian spiritual values can save the world. Sakharov has been the arch-westerniser, the advocate of piecemeal reform in the USSR who has stressed the way technological developments and the threat of nuclear annihilation dictate a convergence of the capitalist and socialist systems and a degree of liberalisation of the latter.

Alarm and Hope is a collection of Sakharov's writings and interviews from the end of 1975, when he was awarded the Nobel prize for his defence of human rights, to the end of 1977. It was originally published in Russian and intended for the Soviet reader, so that much of the material, such as that on the increasing harassment of Sakharov by the KGB and the exchange between Sakharov and President Carter on human rights, will already be fairly well-known to western readers. It is, however, very convenient to have the material collected in one place. At the same time, the lecture, 'Peace, Progress and Human Rights', which Sakharov intended to deliver when he was awarded the Nobel prize, the article 'Alarm and Hope', written at the request of the Norwegian Nobel Prize Committee, and the afterword specially written in May 1978 for the English-language edition give one an opportunity to assess how far Sakharov has altered his views since the publication of *Sakharov Speaks* in 1974.

Sakharov was, in some ways, an unlikely dissenter. A brilliant scientist, he was one of the men behind the development of the Soviet hydrogen bomb and was three times awarded the order of Socialist Hero of Labour. As a highly valued scientist, he was part of a small privileged elite in the Soviet Union, with the right to a chauffeur-driven car and access to the special shops full of all those goods which are virtually unavailable to the ordinary Soviet citizen. What first led him to clash with the Soviet authorities was his feeling of guilt over his part in the development of weapons of mass destruction, an attitude which parallels in a striking way the views of many of his western counterparts who helped create the American H-bomb. 'Beginning from 1957', he tells us, 'I felt myself responsible for the problem of radioactive contamination from nuclear explosions'. He tried unsuccessfully to stop Khruschev from embarking on a series of nuclear tests in 1961, and his failure, which left him with a 'feeling of impotence and fright', was a decisive factor in his political evolution. He came increasingly to see the autocratic and irresponsible nature of the Soviet system as not only a source of oppres-



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sion to its own citizens, but also a danger to the world, since it could easily lead to a nuclear holocaust. As he put it in his afterword,

> As long as a country has no civil liberty, no freedom of information and no independent press, then there exists no effective body of public opinion to control the conduct of government and its functionaries. Such a situation is not just a misfortune for citizens unprotected against tyranny and lawlessness: It is a menace to international security.

At the same time, he has come increasingly to value for their own sake western liberal values, such as freedom of speech and movement. He writes with strong feeling of the negative effects of the repressive system in the USSR on Soviet science and culture and has proved a courageous and tenacious defender of those who have tried to challenge the political monopoly of the Soviet state. His views here are very close to the radical Russian *inteligentsy* of the 19th century. Sakharov shares their hatred of violence against individuals and constantly exposes the brutality of the Soviet prison system. There is even a direct personal link. Sakharov is a passionate opponent of the death penalty, primarily on moral grounds, and he comments that his grandfather signed a manifesto in 1905 opposing capital punishment. Where he differs from the 19th-century intelligentsia is in his categorical rejection of all forms of political violence and terrorism. Terrorist methods, in his view, are not only tactically wrong, but corrupt and degrade, and can have only destructive consequences.

Environmental problems are a feature of Sakharov's concern and he is critical of the achievements of the Soviet Union in this field. Yet he cannot escape his training as a nuclear scientist and he is, as a consequence, a convinced advocate of nuclear power. He believes that the risks associated with atomic power stations have been exaggerated and even wonders how far the Soviets themselves are encouraging anti-nuclear campaigns in order to make the West dependent on increasingly unreliable supplies of oil.

Compared to his position in 1974 and 1975, Sakharov is now considerably more pessimistic. He was encouraged by the Carter administration's commitment to human rights, which he does not believe has harmed the position of dissidents in the USSR. On the contrary, the Soviets had already stepped up repression before Carter's election. He is also encouraged by the growth of anti-government groups in Poland and Czechoslovakia. Yet in the USSR the human rights movement is increasingly on the defensive, while the Soviet state is becoming more repressive. The liberalisation of the USSR is clearly going to be a very long-drawn-out process. Sakharov is, however, determined to remain in the Soviet Union and add his weight to the forces pushing in this direction. His message to the West is that detente can have no significant meaning without some recognition and development of civil rights in the USSR. He closes his book with an appeal to defend the arrested members of the groups set up in the Soviet Union to monitor the implementation of the Helsinki agreements. 'Their defence is the touchstone of Western resoluteness and perseverance as well as a test of the good faith and reasonableness of the Soviet state.' Let us hope we can live up to the expectations of this brave and good man.

John Coleman

Star Dreck

Peter Finch by TRADER FAULKNER *Angus & Robertson* £6.95
Sophia: Living and Loving by A. E. HOTCHNER *Michael Joseph* £5.95
The Actor's Life: Journal 1956-76 by CHARLTON HESTON edited by Hollis Alpert *Allen Lane* £6.95

There are several ways of plotting the stars in their courses, but that adopted by Trader Faulkner – of indefatigably tracking down and interviewing almost every mortal being who as much as clapped eyes let alone hands on his subject, mentor and long-time friend – has produced the most entertaining results. His book has all one has come to expect of the traditional, sleuthing film biography: an utterly confusing succession of names, once heard never remembered; a mass of contradictory reminiscences, ranging from the senile to the self-serving; plenty of salty revelations pertaining to matters sexual; and quite appalling proof-reading. So far, par for the course. Yet the thing holds one simply because Peter Finch, Finchie, *was* such an aberrant, brilliant, sloppy, talented conundrum of a human being and *had* undergone a childhood and adolescence calculated to have brought lesser men to an early grave: or, just possibly, a greater gravity. Probably a by-blow, born in England, he was whisked away – one version goes – by his official father, Captain George Ingle-Finch, to Paris at the tender age of two and entrusted to his arty, theosophical grandmama, who later took him off to India with her. At the age of nine, little Peter with shaven head was wandering around Madras with a Buddhist monk, begging. The story somehow switches to Australia during the Depression, where he did a bit of whatever was going: a short stint on a newspaper, vaudeville, finally acting.

It was Olivier on a visit who saw him at work and said, 'Peter, you should come to England.' Finch left Australia in 1948 and the rest is history, however garbled. Faulkner inevitably dwells at some length on his tormented affair with Vivien Leigh, as on his many other amours. There are some genuinely funny and chastening anecdotes and an attempt to pursue the vagaries and tactics of Finch the actor, which is how some of us may prefer to remember him: nothing is exactly skimped. Drink and the ladies remain recurring themes. Interestingly, the compulsive amorist once in a while knew where to draw the line. Of Sophia Loren, with whom he co-starred in *Judith*, he said, 'She is one of those marvellous natural creations you feast your eyes on and leave it at that'.

A. E. Hotchner, connoisseurs of vulgarity will note, compiled *Papa Hemingway* and did the ghosted *Doris Day: Her Own Story.* He uses the same highly dubious technique for *Sophia: Living and Loving.* 'As I look back now, I realise that the story of my life must begin and end with my father. I sought him everywhere. I married him. I made my best films with him.' Now it is conceivable that the divine Miss Loren, who grew up definitely a bastard, with a largely absentee wastrel papa called Scicolone, recognises that in marrying Carlo Ponti and having been with him overall for 25 years, as well as bearing him two beloved sons at harrowing physical cost to herself, she was – in a rather tired sense – looking for and finding a 'father'; but the Hotchnerisation of it rings overweighted and false. And what can one make of this? It is known that the only other acknowledged physical love of Sophia Loren's life was Cary Grant. Here is how they meet before shooting begins on *The Pride and the Passion.*

> Cary joked around with my name. 'How do you do, Miss Lolloloren, or is it Lorenigida? Ah, you Italian actresses. I can never get your names straight.' He exuded charm, and he was even more handsome and debonair than he appeared on the screen. I immediately felt at ease with him and after a few minutes of lively banter, I could tell from the look in his eyes I had passed muster.

After such lively banter, a weaker woman would have passed out. Elsewhere, Hotchner has the sound notion of introducing or intercutting short first-person statements from Sophia's remarkable mother, a ringer for Greta Garbo, from her younger sister and others. He reads the grim facts of an industrious and honest rise to stardom and a sense of this very sensible, compassionate lady fights through. It seems a pity it has to combat his ventriloquial infelicities to do so.

Charlton Heston's *The Actor's Life*, is a worry, if original in conception. At 482 pages, it had me longing for his speed-reading capacity. He writes of starting on a course in it: 'they promise to triple my speed, which would bring it up over 2,000 words per minute – very useful for reading scripts'. A couple of weeks later, he has got through Steinbeck's *The Pearl* in *12 minutes.* The man is not merely an axiom, as some French critic declared (it was Heston, wasn't it?): he is an axe. There is nothing he will not or cannot master. Riding, kayaking, swimming, at one point he even takes up etching: it is as if every second of a

Blake Morrison

Couples

Having no idea how to pass their
time together
They invite other couples to dinner,

And take their coats and serve them
vermouth or gin:
Yellow clocks an hour short float in them.

What strange communions – wine,
candles, bread,
And a host who's got his parables prepared.

What strange food, too – melon smiles,
mince rare
In marrows that have lost their
hearts, potholed gruyere.

Bored, one diner turns himself over in
a spoon.
For his next trick he will disappear in

His hostess's napkin where, if it works
as planned,
He'll hold in secret her immaculate hand.

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day has to be filled. His passion, outside the muscular skills he had developed for the array of energetic heroes we are familiar with, even over-familiar, is tennis, however. Mention of the sport crops up with a frequency beyond his control: he actually commends himself for having cut out most of his observations on current form. The puzzle is really why this conscientious account of part of a long and acclaimed career should not be more engaging, more interesting; and one fears the answer to that is it fatally lacks humour. There are a few good jokes but only a few.

For the persistent, though, it has great rewards, not so much for the enormous work he performed as ambassador of good will and on various professional committees (the details are often too hazy and unstrung for one to follow the ins-and-outs of so much apparently liberalish Boy-Scoutism) as for the day-to-day commentaries on his principal business: acting. Some digging around is needed, but there are shrewd and revealing insights into the working methods of directors as different as Peckinpah, the ill-fated Tom Gries – I, too, still admire *Will Penny* as much as anything Heston has done – and Franklin Schaffner. The nuggets are here.

Valentine Cunningham

Death in the Afternoon

Lying Low by DIANE JOHNSON *Bodley Head* £4.95
When I Whistle by SHUSAKU ENDO translated by Van C. Gessel *Peter Owen* £6
Maggie by LENA KENNEDY *Paddington Press* £4.95

Diane Johnson's staggeringly enticing new novel, so cool in the face of the horrors it broaches, demonstrates neatly how art survives by refusing to be hysterical about what drives people to distraction. The best writing does have to botanise on mother's grave. And, in this case, not just on mother's grave; for Ms Johnson's America is full of deaths. Nuzzling up against the hot August calm of Ashby Path, Orris, Cal., bumping and nudging into the apparently peaceful lives of its ageing liberals and its youthful communards, comes all the gripping ghastliness of our times. Things start with a dog killing a chicken, whales are slaughtered offstage, a child and babysitter throw themselves from a moving automobile to escape a rapist, 11-year-olds discuss prostitution, the Bank of America does down a hapless black watchman, men recall Vietnam, a Brazilian girl's fest is stomped into scariness by unfestive neighbours, and the jelly-jam turns out to be gelignite.

Diane Johnson is, of course, knowingly artful (like, it seems, most American novelists she's a Professor of English). Literate debris lies all about – a dog called Carlyle, the Brazilian named Ouida, chapters headed 'Death in the Afternoon' and 'Strange Gods'. Just as well sometimes, for we do need occasional reassurance that the deadpan isn't merely the smashed quiet of the veteran druggie, too drunk on troubling visions to care. Mostly, though, the novel's unheatedness aptly parallels the alienation of its people: Marybeth continually putting on new selves to evade the Law, Ouida puzzled by American talk and ways, peaceful Theo locked into violent dreams of leaping negro criminals and revolutionary women.

It's also apt to the chaos of post-Sixties political atheism and raging religious fervours which the novel gently ribs: a mess where liberal Theo's tolerance turns out the most endangering attitude. In fact, as the jelly-jam goes up and the cops move in, the novel's perfectly maintained ironic distance, its 'calm of mind, all passion spent', is made to appear the most dignifiedly human, as well as the most necessary aesthetic position for a man to adopt.

When I Whistle shows how telling a novelist Shusaku Endo can be when he stops straining to live up to his dubious label as 'the Japanese Graham Greene' and settles more for being Japanese. This latest of his works to be translated into American ('Gee, teacher') rises powerfully above the limitation of its awkwardly dubbed sound to examine modern Japan – worldly, wealthy and riddled with cancer patients – in relation to the Second World War. It does so by having its narrative shuttle nicely back and forth between mediocre businessman Ozu's memories of growing up during the War, and his son Eiichi's ruthless efforts to scrabble into prominence in the medical profession. The plotting is sometimes pretty bare and occasionally close to melodrama; what's more, Endo's manner is always so absorbent that his taking the cancer ward as the typical symbol for present Japan must seem more than a nod towards Solzhenitsyn. But the link between cancerous militarism and cancerous materialism is convincingly Endo's own. Rightly, he doesn't rely merely on indignation, though there is plenty to grouse about in the Japanese wartime enthusiasms – the *Banzai* zeal of women sending recruits off draped in the Rising Sun to be slapped and beaten daily into fighting shape – as there is in the custom of lying to patients about their illness and using them as unknowing guinea-pigs.

There's plenty of wryness too: from the boy Flatfish, in the sea, jet-propelling himself by farts in imitation of a German rocket, to Eiichi's grubby machinations to get his hands on the consultant's daughter. And Endo's plea for ruth and fondness, the human nexus, against the inhumanitarian medical view of people as objects, cannot be bad. But, we wonder, was everything really that much better before the War? Endo's sentimental regret for the 'beautiful things' of 'the treasured past' finds paltry support in the novel's own picture of pre-war puritanism, rigidly class-bound education and rampaging behaviour of the drill-sergeants.

Lena Kennedy's *Maggie*, sprawlingly episodic, glibly plotted, proves – if proof were still needed – the truth that brought dewy-eyed seekers of art among the masses in the Thirties rapidly to their senses: that, on the whole, being born in London's East End, leaving school at 13, and having only, as the blurb puts it, 'untutored writing skills', do not fit you up for producing good fiction. The opening shots of Lena Kennedy's account have something of the *echt* bourgeois-pleasing proletarian spunkiness – down the *barves* (communal laundry), in and out the in-and-out shop (the pawnshop), the odd knees-up, a ha'p'orth of cracklings. American readers might be taken in by the wallow in Cockney solidarity ('us East-Enders'): thick with Bernsteins, Bernies and garment-factories, *Maggie* has affinities with the East-Side blockbusters some Americans love. Bits of anti-Mosleyism, the occasional Communist docker, and much drooling over workers ('we are the working-people, the salt of the earth') might warm the heart of a Thirties fellow-traveller. But the dribble of bad pregnancies, kindly nurses, rich lovers and black bastards gives *Maggie*'s game right away. This is hire-purchase romance-mag stuff: fiction in weakly instalments.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Peter Conrad

Floating Monarchies

Der Fliegende Holländer *Metropolitan Opera, New York*
Billy Budd *Metropolitan Opera, New York*

Two nautical operas have been newly produced at the Met. *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Billy Budd* are aptly contrasted: in the former, the sea is the romantic element of compulsion and self-obliteration; in the latter, the sea signifies misty, drifting moral dubiety. The Dutchman's ship defies storms and circumnavigates the world in pursuit of self-destruction, whereas the ship commanded by Vere in *Billy Budd* meanders uncertainly in and out of mist, in pursuit of an enemy it can't identify. Capitalising on the work's hallucinatory intensity, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle has produced *Der Fliegende Holländer* as a phantasmagoria, the nightmarish projection of the sleeping steersman, who conjures up a phantom ship with billowing bloody sails and corpses suspended from the rigging. In contrast with Ponnelle's deranged fantasy, John Dexter lucidly anatomises maritime society, building a diagrammatic cross-section of Vere's ship. The Dutchman's vessel is powered demonically by the effortlessness of magic, but Vere's *Indomitable* in Dexter's production is a factory afloat – a place of work and a machine of war.

The emotional perplexity in *Billy Budd* is guilt, which means responsibility for others. Vere ponders his failure to save Billy, who in sacrificing himself has somehow guaranteed Vere's salvation. The problem in *Der Fliegende Holländer* is the different one of shame. Here too characters seek their salvation in one another: Daland expects to be enriched by affiancing his daughter to the Dutchman, who in his turn needs Senta to rescue him from his curse. But because Wagner's characters are obsessive fantasists, not anxious, conscientious moral agents like Britten's, they are innocent of guilt. Instead they are oppressed by shame, which means the nausea of being used psychologically by others, of willing one's fantasy into life and of discovering oneself as a prisoner in someone else's fantasy. Hence Senta's shock when the Dutchman, about whom she has been dreaming, suddenly materialises in the room. Hence too the Dutchman's revulsion when he sees her with Erik and realises that he doesn't own her, hasn't managed to make her the slave of his spiritual craving.

Ponnelle's haunted staging is close to this truth about the opera, but he trivialises it by a wanton refusal to distinguish between fantasy and reality. Nietzsche said that all Wagner's characters were versions of Madame Bovary – dreamers for whom reality can never be satisfactory. Senta and the Dutchman invent one another in their dreams, and contrive their union by telepathic force of will. But reality is difficult and contingent. Importuned by Daland and Erik, they return from life to the safety of fantasy, destroying themselves with exhilarating negligence. In this opera as in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, Wagner is exploring the hysteria and the impotence of romantic fantasy, which is disabled when it finds its dream coming true. But because Ponnelle's dream abolishes reality altogether, there can be no shock, no shame, no conflict.

His theatrical trickery makes dreams come true with a facility which is too slick, because it effaces the arduousness of the quest and the pain of human accommodation which are Wagner's subject. When the Dutchman first invokes a saviour, Senta obligingly saunters on; when he offers Daland money, a sequinned blizzard assails the ship and his cloak, thrown back, is shown to be inlaid with gems; when Senta sings her ballad, the Dutchman cosily steps down from his picture on the wall. Ponnelle's fantasies come when called: they require no Wagnerian effort of faith to sustain them. The production tends away from the desperate single-mindedness of Wagner's characters towards playful multiplication: because fantasy for Ponnelle is free and easy, with no reality to impede it, there can be a pair of steersmen (one slumped asleep, the other a character in his own reverie), half-a-dozen stove-pipe-hatted Dalands, even a supernumerary Senta with a death's head for a face.

Ponnelle's choice of the steersman as the instigator of the fantasy is aimed as a snub at the Dutchman, who is now no more than a vague bogey threatening the sailor's imaginary affair with Senta. Because all the characters are wraiths, communication between them is prohibited. When Senta and the Dutchman should be gazing at one another, sceptically testing their mutual trust, Ponnelle lines them up one behind the other and sets them gyrating in unison. The music becomes a crassly literal record of the steersman's distress: a storm in the orchestra means that he is turning over in his sleep, and the festivity in the third scene is his remorseful binge. Though James Levine conducts with his usual energy and elation, the singers are persecuted by Ponnelle's conception. José van Dam's Dutchman is simply a manikin manipulated by the steersman. Carol Neblett's Senta is forbidden spontaneity. Ponnelle dresses her in a wimpled, brocaded cocoon like a chrysalid and keeps her cramped in postures of submission: she spends the duet with the Dutchman on her knees, and at the end instead of hurling herself into the ocean curtseys decorously to him before stepping up to join him inside a shuttered hutch. The doubling of the steersman and Erik (both sung by William Lewis) obliterates the vital differences between them: one should be a pining lyric tenor, the other more heftily heroic. But Ponnelle is more interested in pairs and patterns than in dramatic individuality.

Ponnelle's ship for *Der Fliegende Holländer* is a flimsy shell, every trapdoor concealing a satanic jack-in-the-box. Dexter's ship for *Billy Budd* is a solid working model which, mounted on the Met's subterranean elevators, erects and rearranges itself as we watch. At first there is only a deserted hulk through which Vere wanders in an aqueous gloom. Then the ship activates itself. The deck levitates to clear a cabin for Vere, and later submerges to disclose the crowded bulkhead, with Billy Budd still sitting aloft in the moonlight. During the battle, four stepped tiers raise the ship to full height and prepare it for combat; after the trial, the elevators withdraw the bulkhead and excavate a space beneath the water-line where Billy lies in irons. The execution assembles and then disperses both the crew and the ship: when the grumbling sailors are forced below, the ship evacuates and insubstantialises itself, leaving only the dim remembered cave of spars through which Vere still prowls. The scenic realisation is brilliant. Dexter is best with operas which represent the operation of communities. His previous successes at the Met have been with the diurnal routine of the convent in *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, the Anabaptist sects in *Le Prophète*, and the peasant carnival in *The Bartered Bride*. In *Billy Budd* he makes the congested ship a microcosm, 'a floating monarchy' as Vere calls it, in which the vertical gradations of the set are the layers of moral authority. Whereas Ponnelle's ship is a surreal, subliminal chaos, Dexter's is severely hierarchical. The seraphic Billy, 'king of the birds, king of the world', presides against the sky on the foretop; Claggart emerges with serpentine stealth from beneath the deck when summoned to interrogate the new recruits; between them, Vere paces the deck or his cabin, the horizontal spaces representing the earth whose inhabitants he is labouring to understand.

The cast is tremendous. Lenus Carlson is a chubby, curly-mopped, ingenuous Billy, James Morris a baleful, urbane, impassive Claggart. Though vocally frail, Peter Pears can still make Vere the central character, the one who is required to disentangle those questions of good and evil which Wagner's characters are ecstatically and luckily beyond.

Television

Julian Barnes

Per Cent Proof

The first anecdote about Richard Crossman that I heard when I came to work for the NEW STATESMAN was the luncheon voucher story (newspapers are much like public schools in their lively oral tradition). One of the rare perks of working in this office is that every Friday three small packets of green and blue vouchers mysteriously appear on your desk; even the Editor gets them. Most of us use them for buying lunch; to Crossman, though, when he became Editor, they were a mystery. He did not know what they were for; the places at which he lunched did not, apparently, have their front windows embellished by a large LV sticker. And so, week by week, the pile of two-tone vouchers mounted ever higher on his desk, and week by week he

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gazed at it in an ever more puzzled fashion. Finally, quite by chance, he was sitting in a wine-bar opposite the office when he spotted a man using the self-same occult tokens in barter for alcohol. They seemed to be a sort of drinker's currency. The problem was suddenly solved, and the pile on Crossman's desk was thereafter swiftly reduced to manageable proportions.

I suppose the depressed glee this story provoked – at the glum irony of a major Labour politician and working journalist so missing out on an aspect of quotidian reality – seemed a little less surprising after Anthony Howard's film in the new series *Reputations* (BBC-2). From the Winchester shots – of 'college six' (a sport clearly invented to rival the Eton Wall in muscular pointlessness) and cleverly ignorant school debaters – to the splendid 17th-century country house in which Crossman lived at the end of his life, there was little evidence that luncheon vouchers were ever going to bulk large for such a man. And so, while he might often enough be cast as a sort of outsider and dissident, he could never be more than an insider's outsider, an establishment dissident.

At the end of the programme, he was shown addressing an audience of students on the perpetual need to question the accepted view: 'When the establishment says, "I know", I instinctively wonder if they do and, nearly always, I'm right.' If this was Crossman's Law, then it's only correct that the first object it should be applied to is Crossman himself. He's habitually portrayed – and was so again by Howard in his introduction – as the rogue elephant of the Labour Party, its *homme-d'un-certain-âge terrible*, its bully-boy dissenter who always aimed to speak the difficult truth. Odd then, but in the circumstances fairly apt, that the judgment on him which struck one most forcibly was the dissenting one of Sir Richard Marsh:

> Dick Crossman had a very big reputation. I think one of the best things he ever constructed was his reputation ... Most members of the Labour Party back benches would not have backed Dick Crossman's judgment on the outcome of a one-horse race.

Howard's film was careful, interesting, and full of those who had worked closely with Crossman; but it left one unsatisfied on two important questions. First, whether the picture provided by the famous, wrangled-over Diaries is at all accurate and reliable. A. J. P. Taylor said bluntly of Crossman, 'He is the most unreliable witness about politics or persons or what has happened that I have ever known'; David Marquand countered, 'He can't be faulted'; whereupon Howard summed up with 'So much for truth' and skated on. More for truth, please.

The second, larger area was the long-term consequences of Crossman's secrecy-busting activities. Is it, for instance, the case that members of the present cabinet now act more shiftily with each other because of diary-phobia? Do they look at each other askance and refuse to speak to those they have identified as history's trusties? And if so, does the cabinet work less smoothly as a result? Finally, what has become of the system of cabinet minutes, which Crossman regarded as an important source of prime ministerial power? Does Callaghan use it in the same way? We could have done with a currrent cabinet minister to answer some of these questions; but then perhaps there is no Son of Crossman around willing to risk his neck.

If there's a suicidally-inclined leaker in Sir Robert Mark's private office, I for one wouldn't mind hearing from him how much his chief gave to charity for his series of Goodyear tyre ads. Currently the most unsettling sight on telly is that of the ex-head of the Met assuring us that, when Goodyear told him their tyres stopped a car more quickly than any others, 'I asked to see the proof for myself'. I'm sure the charitable motivations of the flatfoot-salesman are impeccable, and I wouldn't be surprised if Sir Robert believed every word he spoke; but shouldn't there be some decent interval between retirement from a post in which the public try hard to believe your word on everything, and the acceptance of employment which exploits that residue of trust for the commercial gain of a public company?

Music

Andrew Clements

Rings of Tumult

Elliott Carter *Festival Hall/Radio 3*
Maxwell Davies *Festival Hall/Radio 3*

Elliott Carter's *A Symphony of Three Orchestras* opens with an aural image of such immediate and arresting beauty that for a moment one doubts its composer. Strings sustain an ethereal web of sound, piccolos and tuned percussion add a shimmering veneer, and out of this texture grows an elaborate trumpet solo which swoops and glides, hovers and eventually falls through its entire compass, to be followed by a decisive series of plunging chords for the full orchestra. In the last 30 years Carter has written nothing so straightforward and comprehensible; the gritty, sinewy lines of his most important works have momentarily given way to a more grateful melodic cast. Never before has the literary impulse that lies behind so many of Carter's large-scale works produced so concrete an image. Here, in what was Carter's Bicentennial commission, the influence is Hart Crane's epic poem *The Bridge*, and the Symphony's introduction is a musical paraphrase of its opening lines:

> How many dawns, chill from his rippling rest,
> The seagull's wings shall dip and pivot him,
> Shedding white rings of tumult, building high
> Over the chained bay waters Liberty –

The plunging chords, too, seem like a realisation of the line 'Till elevators drop us from our day . . .'. This introduction is apparently the outcome of Carter's long-held wish to make an oratorio out of *The Bridge*; but it soon gives way to a more characteristic Carter dialectic. The 'three orchestras' are in reality three ensembles derived from the full orchestral complement, each with its own range of timbres and its own selection of music. The main section of the Symphony is then a multi-stranded play of these many musics, a fascinating mosaic of texture and motive. The ear is continually diverted from one memorable idea to another, as background detail constantly becomes foreground theme and is then reabsorbed. This patterning of several layers is a familiar idea in several of Carter's works, notably the Concerto for Orchestra, but here it is coupled with an unusually rich pool of melodic shapes.

However, one consequence of Carter's concept is the problem of how to provide a convincing ending. The seamless argument appears so masterful and potentially fertile that there seems no reason why it should ever end. The evocative opening introduces us to its sound world most effectively, but the large-scale coda which banishes it is less successful. Its function is to unify the music: to amalgamate the orchestras and give them a single directional movement. It does so in a series of block chords and irrational silences that is in no way a convincing outcome of what has gone before; even a remembrance of the introduction's climactic chords in the final pages lacks conviction. *A Symphony of Three Orchestras* is otherwise such a powerfully effective display of orchestral writing that it's not too much to hope that Carter might consider rewriting its ending.

The BBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by David Atherton, gave the British premiere of Carter's *Symphony*, yet gave it such an approximate performance that anyone unfamiliar with the work – most of the audience in fact – can only have got a partial idea of its potential impact. Textures were ragged and unfinished, melodic lines were sometimes only sketched in; the trumpet solo, allotted to the BBCSO's principal trumpet, was a disgrace. Those who maintain that a well-paid full-time orchestra is the only way to produce a British orchestra as good as the best in Europe and the USA might well have had second thoughts on hearing this performance from what *is* London's one salaried symphony orchestra.

While the BBCSO is dragged kicking and screaming into contemporary music, the four independent orchestras have been giving a series of Friday concerts each containing a new work, two by British composers, the others (both choral) by the Spaniard Cristobal Halffter and the Italian Giuseppe Sinopoli. In prospect the British contribution seemed the more substantial. Peter Maxwell Davies's Dances from *Salome* are nine bleeding chunks from a two-hour ballet premiered last year in Copenhagen. The filleting has been careful; the dramatic coherence of the score appears to have emerged relatively unscathed. Davies's and Flindt's scenario is not another version of the Oscar Wilde *Salome*, but a reworking that sets up Herodias as the villain of the piece. She is responsible for John the Baptist's execution while Salome tries to protect him: 'Salome is portrayed as the over-indulged daughter of rich materialistic parents who is driven to revolutionary desperation by their power-hunger and crassness'; her naked dance then becomes a crazed reaction to Herod's attempted seduction.

There have been moments in Davies's recent orchestral writing (including the Symphony) when it seems as though 'process' has taken over, when the surface of the music has been allowed to shape itself so long as all the thematic and structural ends are neatly tied up. There is some of this in *Salome* too – 'the work is based on a plainsong for John the Baptist's Feastday, which itself is based on a

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magic square . . .'. But in this abridged suite at least there are more than enough sharply focused musical events to hold one's interest. The fanfares for high trumpets which have haunted Davies's orchestral works since his opera *Taverner* here announce the king (though now they are given a metallic sheen); Salome's duet with John leading to his escape from prison is exquisitely coloured for strings and harps; the dances at Herod's banquet are rhythmically acute and tonally straightforward enough to provide a moment of relaxation before Salome's culminating dance and John's execution. Some of those who have heard the complete score have hailed it as the greatest ballet since Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*; strong claims, but the London Symphony Orchestra's performance was certainly convincing enough to demand that the work be staged in London as soon as possible.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Houseproud

The Merry Wives of Windsor *Stratford*
La Musica and **The Square** *New End*

'Out upon it,' cries Lila Kaye's fake-genteel Quickly, her nostrils flared and twitching, 'what have I forgot?' It is characteristic of Trevor Nunn's production of the *Merry Wives* that these words, which I had always assumed to reflect the Feydeauesque complexity of acting as go-between for no less than three of Anne Page's suitors, actually refer to some Elizabethan stew or custard that has been neglectfully left to singe and smoulder in an oven offstage. No cunning algebraic invention on this set, no stark and savage geometry jutting from wings or flies; but boys playing conkers, or ragging the village idiot while he's trying to finish his dinner; pub signs, signposts, and scraggy, autumnal trees that have manifestly suffered from the attentions of the local dog population; and everywhere beams, dormers, alcoves, and lattice windows with heads peeking out of them. John Napier, whose pristine Windsor this is, appears to have forgotten one rather obvious point, which is that what looks musty and weather-beaten now may have been spruce enough in the 16th century; but then he's a designer, not an estate agent, and in the business of selling, not prefabs to Elizabethan house-hunters, but a plausible truth to modern audiences. At their best, he and his director successfully time-warp us back to a world in which credibly awkward lovers are making desperate small-talk about bear-baiting, little boys are declining their Latin, convincingly flustered innkeepers are mourning their bad debts, and we ourselves can almost smell the burnt food in the kitchen.

Of course, this is by no means as fresh an approach to the *Wives* as it was to Jonson's *Alchemist*, which Nunn rather similarly reclaimed for domestic reality two years ago; but it is carried further than in any recent revival of the play. Terry Hands's 1976 production, for all the finesse of its staging, was broader, and probably funnier as well. Here the tone is substantially set by John Woodvine's Falstaff, a Santa on the skids, dowdy and grouchy, his old arrogance reduced to a sort of seedy vanity and his one-time ebullience to no more than a shrivelled nostalgia for the sack and the sex he now seems scarcely capable of enjoying. When the Brewster Mason version came to his confession of defeat, 'I am your theme, you have the start of me, I am dejected,' he too reminds us that the next news we have of Falstaff is his death in *Henry V*; but up to that point he was much more genial, mellow and expansive. The chimes of midnight still rang in his ears with a resonance altogether alien to his waxy successor. True, there's some fun at the expense of Woodvine's tum and bum, both too massive to let him sit beside Mistress Ford and comfortably canoodle with her; but there is no fun in Woodvine himself. From the start his nose is as sharp as a pen, and he always looks likely to begin babbling of green fields.

Mr Nunn's realism can take more cheerful forms, though. It extends to John McEnery's Pistol, a raffish Warren-Street spiv, as well as to Timothy Spall's lolling, snorting, scratching Simple, presumably on day-release from the locked ward; to Bob Peck's Page, the sort you might nowadays find puffing his yeomanly briar over a pint of Ruddles, as well as to Ben Kingsley's is a very effective performance, but successful entrepreneur, or perhaps a commercial traveller making a tidy living out of inflatable women with spun-nylon vaginas. Indeed, the costume department has actually tooled out the latter in an Elizabethan equivalent of our own dirty plastic mac for his disguise as the sexually avaricious Brook. Mr Kingsley's is a very effective performance, more detailed and less randomly feverish than Richard Moore in the Hands production, yet tense with envy and spleen. Listen to his nagging, ingratiating laughter become more strained, more manic as Falstaff tells him, *qua* Brook, how he has outwitted him, *qua* Ford. Watch his pale-yellow face, with its pencil moustache, snap from tradesmanly deference to proprietorial fury the second his rival leaves the room.

This Ford's last-minute caveat, that 'money buys lands and wives are sold by fate', has both personal and general aptness. He has regarded his spouse as a possession, a household fixture whose misuse by Falstaff flouts the one law his anal temperament holds important, that of property; and he must be punished for his mistake. Similarly, Falstaff – who regards Mistress Page as 'a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty' and swears that she and Mistress Ford 'shall be exchequers to me' – must be humiliated. The Page parents must agree that their daughter should follow her heart rather than their business wisdom, and her choice of husband, Fenton, must confess that, though his first motive may have been crass, 'wooing thee, I found thee of more value than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags'. By fixing the play so firmly in its tiny, grasping world, Nunn is able to bring out what perhaps it subliminally is, Shakespeare's protest at a materialism, greed and imperviousness to people that infects the newly-prosperous bourgeoisie as much as such obvious representatives of the crook or near-crook classes as Pistol, Nym, Quickly and Falstaff. It's a plaint that could, one suspects, be heard with profit in and around Windsor High Street today.

Briefly, the Duras revivals at Hampstead should please admirers of their author's pointilliste talent, her knack for examining psyches atom by atom and relationships down to the last electron. Those in search of a more vital if coarser drama may be disappointed, though probably less by *La Musica*, which suggests that the post-hoc agonies of a defunct marriage are more powerful than any attachment either partner will form in the future, than by *The Square*, a subtle, sensitive but interminable study of two lovers. All the same, Leonard Fenton, playing the never-keep-still variety, is pretty good, and Angela Pleasence, stuck in a skivvy's job and dreaming of wedlock, is excellent: drawn, dogged, intense, obsessed, a laser in skirt and stockings.

Sport

Russell Davies

Over the Top

Publicity in football doesn't come any worse than that which Ray Hankin got from last Saturday's *Match of the Day*. When Jimmy Hill clenches his hands and puts on that smell-of-gas face, you know somebody's in for a rough time – and no less rough for being administered with regret ('You may say we should not show this again, but . . .'). Of course, Hill was quite right to show Saturday's incidents again. He usually is. You may feel uneasy about Hill as a commentator, on the grounds that he is 'in' the game, yet rides so high in it that he is damningly unaffected by its 'grass-roots' decisions; but you will seldom find him guilty of over-reaction. The kind of foul Hankin was seen to commit – deliberate stamping, such as has caused great uproar in the rugby world this winter – fully deserved to be seen again, by Leeds Manager Jimmy Adamson, for one. If I had been Hankin's manager, faced with the *Match of the Day* evidence, I would have suspended the player, regardless of the fact that the referee at pitch-level missed the aftermath of Hankin's 'challenge'.

Hankin was 'unlucky', perhaps, that TV cameras were present and alert (stretching sympathy to the point of sophistry, you might even claim the incidents redounded in some strange and distant way to Hankin's credit, in that he was unprepared to moderate his 'natural' aggression for the benefit of the viewing millions); but if injustice is plainly seen to be done, then some sort of balancing initiative on behalf of justice should follow. Hankin's own comments on his performance, as reported in the Dailies *Mail* and *Mirror*, included the remarks: 'If I did anything wrong, it was in the heat of the moment because I would not do anything like that deliberately'; and 'I think it was diabolical of Jimmy Hill to pick it out and show it the way he did.' As far as the latter claim goes, if this were diabolism, then I am prepared to be devil's advocate. As for the former plea, it could not have been better devised by even the late A. P. Herbert at his most inventively spurious.

Unfortunately, Hankin plays for Leeds United, so his actions will have brought forth a more than usually hostile response. I must

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admit to being one of those whose opinion of Leeds has not yet fully recuperated from the bashing it took, eight, nine, ten years ago, when Leeds were in more than one sense the most 'feared' team in the League. One is still rather less surprised to see blind-side brutalities at Elland Road than elsewhere. Somehow this expectation of the worst has survived all the managerial changes – first Clough, latterly Adamson, and Armfield in between – that have, in so many other ways, broken the flow. In the old days, it seemed to have something intimately to do with the standard Leeds physique: leaner and hungrier by far than that of any other club, and with jutting kneecaps, honed elbows and Meccano shoulders that were just bound to get stuck in the ribs of the opposition (just think what wonderful medical-school skeletons Clarke and Hunter would have made; or Jones and Charlton (J.); or the surviving Madeley). Nowadays, the crew is far more obviously motley, being quite outstandingly variegated in height and weight; but something – is it the blanched anonymity of the club garb? – seems to make them behave with much the same mixture of arrogance as expressed through skill and arrogance as imparted through the sole of the boot. Certainly the shamelessly moral Armfield did not prune this seedy overgrowth of cynicism nearly hard enough: perhaps there is no place in football for a pipe-smoking church organist (although it occurs to me that Joseph Smith, the Brides-in-the-Bath murderer, who sounds a promising manager on the asphyxiated face of it, had much the same leisure habits).

There can be little doubt that at some level in the Leeds operation, there is a failure of what you might call 'club feeling'. Possibly it is just a matter of over-zealous signing, as Madeley implies in *The Marshall Cavendish Football Handbook Number 32* (and if you think the NS is dear at its new price you should see what this gaudy little part-work offers for 30p a time) when he points out that 'Tony Currie, Brian Flynn, Arthur Graham, Ray Hankin, Paul Hart, John Hawley and Kevin Hird have all joined us in the past three years'. 'Joined us' is an odd way of putting it, in the circumstances: being all of seven in number, the new men practically *are* 'us'. Well though Madeley is reported to be playing, he may just be the last old standard-bearer who has to go before the Leeds regiment can plough in the realistic hope of new victories.

Vernon Scannell

Autumnal

I walk along Cathedral Road wearing
darkness.
Leaves tapestry the pavement.
The rain has stolen their precision;
They can no longer make dry commentary,
Pulped browns and yellows, all
definition gone.
My shoes browse through their maudlin story
Of a doomed summer, the end of passion.
I approach the house of blind windows,
the silent room
Haunted by empty bottles and the dead
Hurt fatally in battles of attrition,
Listening to the cold music in my head.

Films

John Coleman

Really?

The Saga of Anatahan and **The Life Story of Baal** *ICA until 22 April*
Firepower (AA) *Leicester Square Theatre*

A cautious welcome to the ICA Cinema's new programme planners, Chris Rodley and Archie Tait, freshly arrived from a two-year stint at the Arnolfini Art Centre in Bristol. From now on, the idea is to present 'thematic' seasons on a monthly basis, with a strong emphasis on the work of British independent film-makers. My native pragmatism (as Hamlet might have lisped, 'Themes . . . I know not "themes" ') and the encompassing title for April, 'Really Real', make me a little wary: I hope to God we are not going to find ourselves entangled in the pseudo-profundities and arid explorations classically exemplified by *Screen* magazine and its acolytes. Historians of the cinema, anyway, are already in the new men's debt for their revival of Josef von Sternberg's last film, *The Saga of Anatahan*, made in 1953 in an exhibition hall in Kyoto and now fully reconstituted, right down to a couple of shots of exposed female flesh. It was poorly received everywhere but in Paris on its first showing, though the critic of *The Times* performed the ritual genuflexion: 'the photography is often lovely . . .' Now, there are more than a few prepared to acclaim it as the master's masterpiece. Von Sternberg himself thought it his finest work and his waspish account of its creation and fate in *Fun in a Chinese Laundry* makes good reading.

The simple plot, based on a true story by one of the survivors, concerns a dozen Japanese sailors cast away on a tiny Pacific island when their boat is sunk by an American bomber on 12 June, 1944. There they find a man, Kusakabe, a surly ex-plantation foreman, and the sultry Keiko, a woman they take to be his wife. Resisting intimations that Japan has surrendered as American trickery, they are to stay on Anatahan for a further seven years. Keiko is not there for nothing; home-made coconut wine and animal passions take their toll; five men die before the others walk towards the camera and a hero's homecoming. And all this, with the exception of some documentary footage of returning military and recurrent symbolic cut-ins of a real, churning sea, was enacted in a makeshift studio.

> Giant cryptomeria roots were hauled in and turned upside down to form a jungle that existed only in my imagination. Leaves and palm were added and huts on stilts erected, and all of this sprayed with aluminium paint. . . . It was even necessary to bring coconuts from the Philippines, since not a single one was to be found in Japan.

It has to be said that the results are visually astonishing: not more than about a quarter of the outcome looks as if it had been photographed anywhere but indoors.

To give the old devil his due, Von Sternberg has his customary fun – this time in a Japanese setting – with light and shade, patterns of leaves and shell-curtains, quick, erotic close-ups of the girl putting on her sandals, resting a wayward foot on a male shoulder; and the end, with the dead men, too, walking from the darkness of the plane towards us, is eerily moving. But by then it was too late for me. Sternbergian artificiality, his deliberate suggestiveness and eye to detail, worked marvellously in a handful of his films. Here, with an equal deliberateness, by providing a running (better, limping) commentary throughout, written and spoken with ghastly gravity by himself and occasionally drowned out by the chattering Japanese actors, he steadily undermines the subtlest of his images. 'The only real enemy most of us ever have is lonesomeness', he intones, *ex cathedra*. Then, nudge, nudge – 'our friend, the lady-killer, found a ring, the easy way to a woman's heart'. Again, 'when a woman threatens to leave, this has considerable effect on the behaviour of a man'. Perhaps this is the capper, though: 'Death was fishing in this jungle and on his hook as bait he dangled Keiko'. Surely never in the history of art has a creator of high reputation so damningly exposed the banality of his mind.

Edward Bennett's *The Life Story of Baal*, produced by the BFI Production Board and drawn from a Brecht play, elliptically sketches the downward progress to a mocked death of a womanising Rimbaudesque (i.e. *not* Rimbaud, just posturing) poet-artist at the beginning of the century. Alienation is effortlessly achieved through stilted performances, only Neil Johnston as the rebarbative Baal importing some conviction – but was he supposed to do this? As if to prove that worse things *do* happen in the conventional, commercial cinema there is Michael Winner's utterly perfunctory *Firepower*, with grinny James Coburn bounty-hunting a wicked multi-millionaire back to retribution. Sophia Loren's clothes are by Per Spook of Paris.

Weekend Competition

No 2561 **Set by Dan Drough**

Gavin Ewart's wife invented a new poetic form for the Silver Jubilee, called the Daisychain. This is a rhyming poem in which the last letter of each word is the same as the first letter of the next word (there is an example in Mr Ewart's new collection, *All My Little Ones*, published by Anvil Press/Rex Collings). Quite hard, we think you'll find this; so we won't ask for more than eight lines, on the subject of the forthcoming election. By 27 April.

Result of No 2558 **Set by F. Shortstraw**

We asked for 12 lines of verse containing the following confusibles: *masterful, masterly, gourmet, gourmand, mahdi, mufti, imply, infer, apogee, perigee, extract, extricate.*

Report **by Len the Unlucky**

This was the comp with free copies of *Room's Dictionary of Confusibles* riding on it: so here's thanks – and a token plug – to that arguably most perfect of publishers, Messrs Routledge and Kegan Paul, for endowing the comp. It didn't, alas, inspire you to one of your greatest performances – *perigee* and *gourmand* were regular stumbling-blocks – so

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this week we have unloaded just the four copies of Room (plus seven quid each) to those below. More Rooms will reward outstanding competitors in the weeks to come.

O I used to be so masterful – as keen and
lean as Bond –
But your masterly cuisine has made me
foolish, fat and fond,
And the wiry, fiery gourmet with the
blonde-martini-dry
Is transformed into a gourmand by your
steak-and-kidney pie!

I would snatch you like a mahdi in the deserts
of the night,
But my muscles are too tardy and my mufti
is too tight:
In my harem I'm more zealous? Well, whatever
you imply,
I infer that you are jealous of your
steak-and-kidney pie . . .

So sleep, my slender tender one, and extricate
yourself
From the onion of our union, the extract of
the shelf –
And dream of passion's apogee ascendant in the sky
From the steam of me, your perigee, your
steak-and-kidney pie!

GINA BERKELEY

The masterly sun fans a golden hand
of light. Masterful, I twist until I bust.

Imbroglio: my eyes smart in their extract.
Shades extricate me from the dazzle's thrust.

Don't infer too much from the costume, man.
Hip it don't imply, but lack of optic trust.

Face it, I'm a gourmand for punishment,
incapable of a gourmet's subtle lust.

To achieve the tan of a mahdi, or similar
mufti, the sun burns the just and unjust.

And every phase has relevance: the apogee,
the perigee. Beneath sweet skin lies dust.

ROY KELLY

The Mufti settled on the Scottish coast.
He'd been a learned lawyer, gourmet host,
Cordon bleu expert, masterful and high
As some proud Mahdi, flown from Moslem sky
As if some perigee of heaven and earth
By masterly contingence eased his birth.
This apogee of virtues, Arab-Scot,
Failed to extract much pleasure from his lot:
He fell for haggis, could not extricate
Himself from its allure. A gourmand's fate
Was his. Think what the Fiscal's words imply:
I must infer that offal made him die.'

LAURENCE FOWLER

'You are old,' said the young man,
whose masterful sneer
Was worn to imply his disgust,
'And yet, you old gourmand, you
guzzle your food;
I infer that this substitutes lust.'

'In my youth,' Father William, with masterly calm,
Replied, 'I ate extracts of eels,
And when at its perigee, Mars approached Earth,
I was gourmet, discerning of meals.

Now you, like a mufti, lay down the law,
At your life's apogee, so you guess:
But I, like a mahdi, bring latter-day truth,
And can extricate you from your mess.'

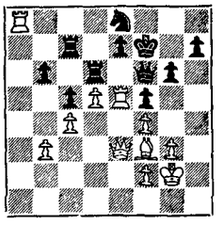
BILL GREENWELL

Tony Miles

Chess

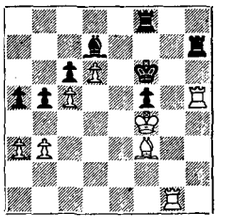
No 128 **Simultaneous Games**

Simultaneous displays rarely produce memorable games, but one of my recent exhibitions produced some amusing moments. The first two positions gave rise to a novel pair of zugzwangs.



In the first I had had considerable pressure throughout, and now concluded matters with **1.R-K6! RxR; 2.QxRch, QxQ;** (K-B1; 3.QxQch, PxQ; 4.P-Q6 and B-B6) **3.PxQch, K-B1; 4.B-Q5** and Black is in complete zugzwang. Once his pawn moves run out he must shed a piece.

The second was rather embarrassing. Again I had a dominant position and had just forced the king side open. Black defended with **1 ... R(1)-KR1** and

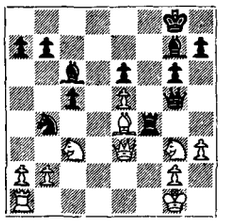


I decided to keep a pair of rooks on and continued with **2.R(N)-N5, RxR; 3.BxR??.** Black's **3 ... R-R3;** was forced and at last I realised my plight. I had virtually created a self-zugzwang. Any bishop move allows ...R-R5ch winning the rook. I had one trick left. I quickly played **4.P-N4** and trying hard to keep a straight face, offered a draw. Fortunately my opponent did not think twice before accepting! On 4.P-R5 White can do nothing but resign.

I also played one pleasant (and moderately sensible) miniature:-

White: A J Miles **Black: A N Other**

1.P-K4, P-K4; 2.N-KB3, P-Q3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.QxP. More aggressive than the normal 4.NxP. **4 ... N-QB3; 5.B-QN5, B-Q2; 6.BxN, BxB; 7. N-B3, N-B3; 8.B-N5, B-K2; 9.0-0-0, 0-0;** An even more cooperative victim once tried 7 ... Q-B1?; 10.KR-K1, B-Q2? 11.N-Q5, Q-Q1; 12.P-K5, P-B4; 13.PxN! PxQ; 14.PxP, R-KN1; 15.N-B6 mate. **10.KR-K1, R-K1?** Very plausible, but probably the losing move. **11.P-K5! BxN** If ...PxP; 12.Q-QB4, and 13. NxP. **12.PxN! PxP** Forced **13.RxB!** Intending to meet ...QxR by 14. BxP and ...RxR by 14.QxBP threatening B-R6. **13 ...BxR;** So that if 14.BxP, RxR; or 14.QxBP, QxR; **14.N-Q5!** Bringing up the reserves. Now ...PxB loses simply to 15.RxRch and 16.N-B6ch, so Black has no choice. **14 ... RxR; 15.NxPch, K-N2;** If ...K-B1; 16.B-R6 is mate and ...K-R1 allows either 16.N-Q5ch or 16.Q-Q3. **16.N-K8ch, K-N3:** Or ...K-B1; 17.Q-R8mate. **17.Q-B6ch, K-R4; 18.N-N7ch, K-N5; 19.P-R3 mate.**



Problem 128

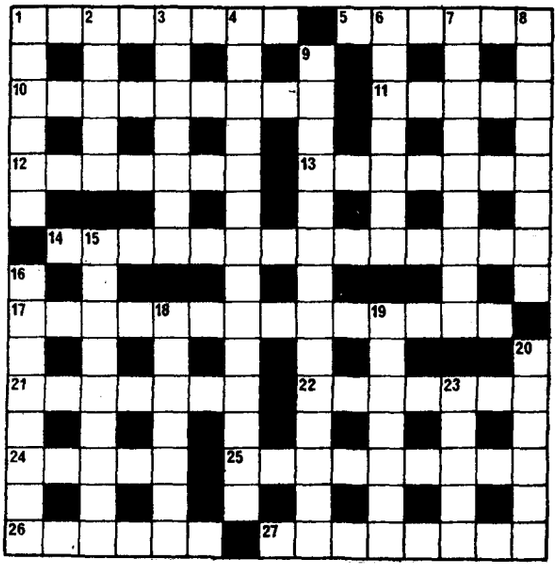
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 25 April.

Solution to Problem 126

1. RxN! PxR; 2. QxPch! KxQ; 3. N-N6. Resigns. There is no defence to R-R3ch and R-R8 mate.

Weekend Crossword 1299.

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1299, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 24 April.



ACROSS

1 Convincingly bashful when embracing a middle-aged man? (8).
5 Means of counting a hundred inside a vehicle (6).
10 A distant engagement is one method used before marriage (4,5).
11 An actor has to learn it backwards (5).
12 A writer with skill can portray almost all of this town (7).
13 There is a loss on converting into big rooms (7).
14 Work which makes no critic love novel (6,8).
17 American communist is chicken (5,6,3).
21 The place to shake everyone (7).
22 The missus and I are poorly, and we don't get out much (7).
24 Perfume used in the beginning of an affair (5).
25 Archer met his end having lost the film, being foppish (9).
26 Possesses a number to provide speed (6).
27 Man with more than one wife somewhere in Scotland (8).

DOWN

1 Grips the children standing round piano (6).
2 Crop which needs moisture after it starts growing (5).
3 Time left by a union to produce a figure (7).
4 Don't bother about dead English titles being misused (3,6,5).
6 In mixed club company one is like a peasant (7).
7 Assembly in which there is nothing in swearing at the opposition? (9).
8 Has an accident with a tool, being slovenly (8).
9 Change of cash to give us a very slight possibility (5,2,1,6).
15 Award to smooth over the angry (4,5).
16 Here the right swear-word is used behind the wrong bar (8).
18 Come out with a goddess after call-up (7).
19 Doctor with a line about one being less pure (7).
20 Like a date for soft words (6).
23 I competed like Bacchus (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1297

Prizewinners to No 1296

Connie Chapman
(London NW9)
Edward Barber (Norwich)
D. W. Holman (Harrogate)

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APPOINTMENTS

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
CENTRE FOR RESOURCE AND ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

RESEARCH FELLOW (ENERGY MODELLING)

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the above-mentioned position in the Centre for Resource and Environmental Studies. As part of the Centre's program of studies, it has been undertaking work on modelling of energy supply and demand in Australia. It has now received an allocation of research funds to continue this work and is looking for someone to take charge of and develop this modelling work in its application to specific policy applications.

Applicants should have a PhD or equivalent, in economics with some econometrics training, and should be able to demonstrate an aptitude for applying the discipline to policy research and to be willing to participate in such research as part of a project team. Funds for this appointment have been provided for three years. CLOSING DATE: **4 MAY 1979.**

FACULTY OF ECONOMICS
DEPARTMENT OF STATISTICS

READER/LECTURER IN MATHEMATICAL STATISTICS

Applications are invited for appointment as Reader or Lecturer in Matthematical Statistics.

Applicants for the post of Reader should be established scholars with strong research interests in a field central to statistical inference, and would be expected to assume a substantial role in the activities of the Department, particularly the supervision of research students. Appointment would be until age 65 with the option of retiring at any time after age 60.

It is envisaged that applicants for the post of Lecturer would be younger persons with a PhD or equivalent and some experience in teaching and independent research. It would be an advantage to applicants at either level to have at least a minor interest in statistical computing and applied statistics. Appointment would be for three years in the first instance with the possibility of reappointment after review.

It is hoped that the appointee would commence duty by early February 1980. CLOSING DATE: **20 MAY 1979.**

Salaries: Salary on appointment will be according to qualifications and experience within the range: Reader $A27,916 per annum; Lecturer $A15,786-$A20,738 per annum; Research Fellow $A15,786-$A20,606 per annum. Current exchange rate is $A1:56p.

Other conditions: Reasonable appointment expenses are paid. Superannuation benefits are available for applicants who are eligible to contribute. Assistance with finding accommodation is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra.

The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

Prospective applicants should obtain the further particulars from **The Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.**

Information Officer/Editor

for International Scholarships Agency

The International University Exchange Fund (IUEF), an international non-governmental organisation, seeks an information Officer/Editor to take charge of the Information Department at the Geneva headquarters.

The work of the IUEF is concentrated on educational assistance to refugees in Africa and Latin America; assistance to Liberation Movements and other groups fighting for independence in Southern Africa; assistance to organisations working for the restoration of democracy in Latin American countries presently under oppressive regimes and assistance to development projects of a specialised nature.

The Information Department is responsible for the presentation of the work of the IUEF, both to the public and to the IUEF constituency, and is also responsible for the production and final editing of IUEF documentation.

The Information Officer/Editor should have journalistic and editing skills as well as experience in the production of accurate and creative material under conditions of extreme pressure. A good knowledge of Southern Africa and/or experience in development education work would be an advantage. A good command of the French language, or at least a willingness to acquire this, is essential.

Applications for the position, including a comprehensive résumé of previous work experience, qualifications and if possible, a portfolio of examples of work undertaken in the past, should reach the Regional Director, London, before **7 May 1979.**

International University Exchange Fund, International Development Centre, Parnell House, 25 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1JS.

WEA South Eastern District

Applications are invited for the post of

Tutor Organiser for East Sussex/South West Kent

Candidates should have a University degree or similar academic qualification. It is also essential that they have previous teaching and/or organising experience in the field of adult education.

Salary Scale: Burnham FE Lecturer II in the range £3,747-£6,558 according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further details are available from:

The District Secretary, WEA South Eastern District, 4 Castle Hill, Rochester, Kent, (on receipt of s.a.e.). **The closing date for completed application forms is 11 May 1979.**

Classified Manager

The NEW STATESMAN is looking for an energetic, resourceful and imaginative man or woman to organise its classified selling operation.

The NEW STATESMAN has undergone radical change during the last year and with new areas receiving regular editorial coverage there are new and challenging opportunities for classified advertisement sales.

If you think you could plan and bring about an expansion of our classified space write to Peter Jones, General Manager, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1.

NEW STATESMAN

SKELMERSDALE DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION

Library Assistant

£3,732-£4,146 or £3,369-£3,660 including Supplement.

We require a Library Assistant to assist the Librarian in charge of our busy Technical Library. Duties will include the cataloguing of books and brochures and helping the Librarian to provide a comprehensive service to our professional staff.

Starting salary and salary grade will depend on qualifications and experience.

We offer a five day week: flexible hours; superannuation and free life assurance; luncheon vouchers; assisted car purchase and mileage allowance; modern housing to rent and, in appropriate cases 100% removal expenses and generous assistance with fees incurred in house purchase/sale.

Skelmersdale is within easy reach of Liverpool, Manchester and the Lancashire coast, and is directly linked by motorway to the national motorway system.

Application forms are obtainable from:

The Personnel Manager,
Skelmersdale Development Corporation,
Pennylands,
Skelmersdale, Lancashire WN8 8AR
(Telephone Skelmersdale 24242 Ext. 244)
and should be returned not later than **MONDAY, 30 APRIL 1979.**

Centre for World Development Education

a non-governmental organisation which promotes and services education about world development in the United Kingdom, is expanding its work and requires the following:

Press Officer

to maintain and open up contacts with the media, stimulating interest in world development and providing news and feature material. Other duties will include providing advice on press relations to people working on local development education projects. Considerable experience in journalism and a demonstrated interest in world development are essential. (Applicants should supply one or two examples of published work.) Salary on the scale **£4,842** to **£5,718** plus **£465** London weighting (under review).

Reporter/Sub-Editor

to assist in production of monthly magazine "Action for Development" and News Service for industrial journals, and to write news and feature articles for these and other publications. Some journalistic experience and a demonstrated interest in world development essential. (Applicants should supply one or two examples of published work.) Salary on the scale £4,842 to £5,718 plus £465 London weighting (under review).

Applications for the above posts, enclosing full curriculum vitae and the names of two referees, should be sent to arrive not later than 23 April, to: **the Director, Centre for World Development Education, Parnell House, 25 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1JS.**

National Union of Journalists

Invite applications for the following posts:

NATIONAL ORGANISER

(Freelances)

to be based in London. Starting salary £6,755 p.a.

ORGANISER

(Technology and Research)

to be based in London. Starting salary £6,214 p.a.

Salary in each case subject to five annual increments and annual review. Application forms (to be returned by 30 April) and further details from: **The General Secretary, National Union of Journalists, Acorn House, 314 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8DP.** (Please specify appointment in which you are interested).

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UNIVERSITY OF KENT AT CANTERBURY

Chair of European Studies

Applications are invited for the newly-established Chair of European Studies in the Faculty of Humanities. The Faculty is seeking a European specialist to promote the existing inter-Faculty programme in European Studies. He or she will be expected to develop courses in one or more of the following areas: the political and social development of Europe since 1919; the intellectual history of the twentieth century; the European movement and institutions.

Further particulars of the post may be obtained from: **The Senior Registrar, Faculty of Humanities, The Registry, The University, Canterbury, Kent,** by whom completed applications should be received not later than **4 May 1979** quoting reference A.23/79.

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC

SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICS

Lecturer II in Economics

Applicants should have a higher degree in Economics and preferably teaching/research experience. The successful candidate will be expected to teach economics on two or three courses and the ability to offer specialist teaching in one of the following: History of Economic Thought, Income Distribution, Capital Theory, will be welcome. Candidates offering other specialisms will also be considered. To start September 1979.

Lecturer II/Senior Lecturer in Economics (temporary post)

This temporary lectureship will be held for one year and arises out of a secondment of a member of staff to the University of Konstanz. Applicants should have a higher degree in Economics and should be able to teach economics both to students specialising in economics or to students who are studying economics in the context of Business or Social Science courses. Ability to offer a specialism an advantage. To start September 1979.

Salary range: Lecturer II £4,101-£6,558 plus £327 London allowance. Senior Lecturer £6,051-£7,572 plus £327 London allowance.

Further details and application forms (to be returned by 4 May) from **Academic Registry, Dept. AO, Kingston Polytechnic, Penrhyn Road, Kingston-upon-Thames KT1 2EE. Tel.: 01-549 1366.**

PERSONNEL AND ADMINISTRATION MANAGER

Britain's largest youth organisation, employing approximately 80 staff, requires a Personnel and Administration Manager. The person who fills this new post will be responsible for all personnel matters within the organisation: recruiting new staff, training, contracts, job descriptions and monitoring and applying all applicable legislation.

The person will also be responsible for the general administration facilities of the organisation with specific responsibility for certain staff, supply of materials and equipment, upkeep of building etc. Applicants should have proven experience in personnel work, preferably with qualifications and will be expected to take on a wide range of managerial responsibilities.

Salary Scale: £4,696 to £8,088 (including London weighting). Appointments to be made as soon as possible. Further details and application form from: **The General Manager, National Union of Students, 302 Pentonville Road, London N1.** (Tel: 01-278 3291). Closing date for applications: 27 April.

SOLIHULL COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

Blossomfield Rd, Solihull B91 1SB
Principal: John Parkinson, MA CertEd MBIM
Required 1 September

Lecturer Grade One in Trade Union Studies

to join a well established and expanding team of dedicated staff teaching in a specialist centre with the largest intake of Shop Stewards in the country.

Salary: £3,192 to £5,334.

Further details from Principal *on receipt of s.a.e.*

Operations Co-ordinator for AHRTAG (UK)

The Appropriate Health Resources and Technologies Action Group Ltd seeks an operations co-ordinator to help in the development of this new WHO collaborating centre, which has charitable status. The Group's main functions are to advance the concepts of appropriateness and effectiveness in health care, mainly in the developing countries, with particular emphasis on alternatives to high cost, high technology, hospital-based medical practice. It does this by operating an information centre and clearing-house, and by encouraging health related innovations. Relevant experience essential. Secondment from an existing organisation would be considered. Office in central London.

Salary not less than £6,000 p.a.

For further details apply:

Dr Katherine Elliott,
41 Portland Place,
London W1N 4BN.

ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

Somerville College Oxford, with financial support from the Arts Council of Great Britain and the Radcliffe Trust, invites applications from women, preferably over 35, for the position of Visiting Artist Fellow for the 1979/80 academic year. The College Statutes, made under the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act 1923, provide that all Fellows must be women. The successful candidate will be offered Senior Common Room membership, a bursary of £4,000, full residence in College and a studio in Oxford. Further particulars available from: **The Director, Museum of Modern Art, 30 Pembroke Street, Oxford.** Closing date for applications, **30 April 1979.**

Volunteer Programme Coordinator

required by CIIR to administer its existing programme in North Yemen and evaluate small scale community development projects. Previous Middle Eastern experience advantageous. Post is a joint one with present coordinator. Couples wishing to work on a job sharing basis welcome to apply. Further information: Write with details of curriculum vitae to **CIIR Overseas Volunteers, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 4JL.**

TRADE UNIONS AND YOUTH UNEMPLOYMENT

RESEARCH WORKER

required for an action research project into trade union responses to the youth labour market in the North West and Wales with particular reference to Government initiatives. The post would be based in the North West. Research and trade union experience would be an advantage, as would an ability to work as a member of an established team.

Salary — initially a one-year contract, at Point 4 of the University Lecturer's scale (currently £4,631).

Inquiries to: **Mrs K. Sheehan, William Temple Foundation, Manchester Business School, Manchester M15 6PB,** by **7 May** latest.

SOUTH EAST ARTS

The Regional Arts Association for Kent, Surrey and East Sussex
seeks to appoint a

Film Officer

with responsibility for film and video in the region. Salary £4,773 rising to £5,895. (Local government salary scale AP5-501). Intending applicants should write for full details enclosing an s.a.e. to: **The Director, South East Arts Association, 9-10 Crescent Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.**

Archaeology in Israel

Digs in Israel require volunteers this summer. If you are fit and looking for a holiday that is worthwhile (in the sun) send s.a.e. to:
Project 67 (Archaeology),
36 Great Russell Street,
London WC1B 3PP.
Tel: 01-636 1262

THE WOODCRAFT FOLK

NATIONAL VOLUNTARY CHIDREN'S & YOUTH ORGANISATION

Assistant Secretary

with responsibility for development in South of England. Salary circa £4,000.

Application forms available from **The General Secretary, The Woodcraft Folk, 13 Ritherdon Road, London SW17 8QE.**
Closing date, **28 April.**

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Applications are invited for the post of

LECTURER

in the above Department, tenable from 1 September 1979.

A specialised knowledge of 20th century compositional techniques or pre 19th century performance practice may be an advantage but not essential. The successful candidate will be expected to participate in the general work of the department.

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ICA EVENTS, Nash House, The Mall, SW1. 17 April 7.30 p.m. Sara Selwood on 'Mondrian and Theosophy'. 19 April 7.30 Prof. Arnold Keyserling on 'Taoism' (with 'Art of the Invisible' exhibitions). 19 April 1 p.m. Alison Lurie on her new novel 'Only Children'. 75p. 930 0493.

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